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The Week

ALMOST all the news from Washington about the progress from day to day of the Far Eastern negotiations needs to be accepted with a large dose of scepticism. It is in general untrustworthy, although its untrustworthy character is by no means entirely the fault of the correspondents. They must have something rather definite to report even though the actual happenings are wholly indefinite and tentative; and there are, of course, many people connected with all the delegations who have ideas and purposes of their own to serve, different from those of their colleagues, who are only too willing to supply news which is more definite than true. This false or partly false news quickly spreads throughout the whole body of correspondents, who communicate anything they are supposed to learn one to another; and the next morning the majority of the Washington dispatches pass on to their readers the more or less erroneous account of what is supposed to have occurred. The reports are denied or modified the next day, but in the meantime it may have served the purpose of the person who had launched it on its career. In interpreting the Washington news the reader should, consequently, refrain from attaching much importance to the budget of any one or two days. It is only documents, official announcements and reports which are confirmed for many successive days which are entitled to count. Even they usually require a sophisticated interpretation.

UP to the time these lines go to press nothing very definite and authentic has emerged from the scrimmage. The play has started, but it remains obscure to the spectator on the bleachers which of the players is carrying the ball and whether or not he is or is not gaining his distance. In the beginning the Chinese took the initiative; but they did not hold it for long; and for a while there was a general impression in Washington that the game was up. It looked as if they had allowed the ball to pass to their opponents and as if their chance of winning a success was gravely compromised. But this gloomy view was certainly an exaggeration. The Chinese, it is true, are not strong enough to carry the ball except behind an extremely well-organized and vigorous interference, but they and their supporting interference are not yet broken up and they have not lost the ball. While it remains doubtful how much it will gain, the pro-Chinese party is still aggressive and is still pushing along.

IT was the four Root resolutions coming after the ten Chinese principles which created the impression of weakness and loss by the Chinese party. The Chinese principles were general, but if they were adopted they would have obligated the governments which accepted them to a revision of the worst clauses of the existing treaties and of the most objectionable of the customary practices of foreign governments in China. The Root resolutions, on the other hand, merely repeated the old phrases, except in the case of the fourth, which was

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ambiguous; it looked consequently like an attempt to prevent any beneficial principles of legislation about China which the Conference might achieve from being applied to past abuses. This interpretation was natural, but it was only partly correct. The Root resolutions were not any more final than the Chinese statement of principles. The latter expressed in general the maximum which the friends of China hoped to obtain. The former expressed the minimum which all members of the Conference were ready to concede. The final result would lie somewhere in between. But the Root resolutions do not supersede the Chinese statement of principles as a basis of discussion. The Chinese principles are being hung on the appropriate hooks provided by the agenda, and they continue to constitute in this form the order of business of the Far Eastern Committee of the Conference. There is a secure hook for all of them except the tenth, which provides for future conferences about the Far East. That proposal does not need any official pretext for being ultimately adopted. Either future conferences on the Chinese question will succeed the present conference or there will be war in the Pacific. Nobody except Hearst wants war.

THE outcome is still in doubt. It is in doubt for one unexceptionable reason. The public and probably the negotiators have no means of knowing (1) how firmly the American government will back up the Chinese (2) how firmly the British government will back up the Americans at the expense of offending Japan and (3) how much the Japanese are willing to yield without breaking up the Conference. The shrewdest and best informed observer can only venture a more or less plausible guess about the result which will follow from the interaction of these three incalculable forces. Recently the friends of China had considered the prospect less encouraging because the English official publicity played up the importance of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, but there is nothing conclusive about this symptom. It is still reasonable to anticipate that the Conference will bring into existence a beneficial change in the position of China. The benefit in specific agreements will not amount to as much as the friends of China would like, but whatever they are they will be clean benefits. The American government will not purchase them by conditions which will prejudice the future harvesting of a larger crop. In the meantime during the course of the negotiations Secretary Hughes is entitled to the confidence of his fellow citizens. He has earned it by his behavior up to date and as each successive crisis arises, he earns it more rather than less.

TAXATION is one matter that is not likely to be laid at rest for long by any action of Congress. When taxes are heavy, as they must be for a generation, there will necessarily be great discontent among those who think they are unfairly burdened, or that they have the power to roll the burden over to others' shoulders. Least of all is it to be expected that our recently enacted taxation law will enjoy long life. It is fully satisfactory to nobody. It denies substantial relief both to the lower income classes and the higher ones. It abandoned the profits tax, foolishly, we believe, and refused to levy a sales tax, wisely, in our opinion. Senator Penrose has declared that the present is to be regarded as merely a temporary measure, and that the question is to be reopened with a view to fixing permanent rates. A new drive for the sales tax is in prospect. It may succeed, but we see no reason why it should. The agricultural bloc remain coherent, and are gaining in self-confidence. By the time the Penrose group of tax reformers have got the tax question well opened up, it is quite possible that the agricultural bloc will have made up their minds that dropping the profits tax was a mistake, and that no opportunity is to be missed for putting it back on the statute book.

ONE feature of the tax law which should have received general commendation is strangely enough practically ignored by the press. That is the abolition of the tax on transportation, an impost that meant an effective increase in railway rates of five percent on freight and eight percent on passenger traffic. There was never anything to be said in favor of such a tax except that it afforded a substantial revenue. In criticism of the tax it was fairly to be urged that it acted to depress traffic, the very economic life of the country, and rested most heavily on those products and localities that are already discriminated against in the traditional structure of railway rates. Transportation taxes are an invention of the robber barons of the Dark Ages. They may properly be applied in time of war, along with similar inventions that are not too obsolete. Peace has no place for them. They are gone, we hope, forever.

SENATOR KENYON has introduced a bill which comes at such an emergency and is, as far as it goes, so sensible that one hopes it may soon be used as a beginning for the relief of unemployment. Senator Kenyon proposes the familiar plan of holding up necessary public works until a time of depression and unemployment. Department heads would be required to make plans for such work well in advance, and would be allowed

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to hold up projected work until the critical moment of the depression. The secretary of the President's committee on unemployment estimates that one third of a bad year's unemployed could be absorbed by so concentrating public work in that year. What would happen to the other two thirds remains to be worked out, and the working out of any adequate scheme will be a long process.

THERE is a clear obligation resting on the government to make satisfactory provision for the men thrown out of employment in consequence of the scrapping of the naval program. Almost all of them can ultimately find places, no doubt, in ordinary industry, which may be expected to thrive and expand with the lifting of taxation burdens and the still heavier burden of international insecurity. But fitting workers into new places is a process that takes time. Before it is completed many of these men will suffer the severest distress, if the government simply abandons them to the mercies of their luck. It is to be borne in mind that the government will certainly do its best to soften the blow to property interests. All expenditures laid out on ships partly completed but not to be finished will be reimbursed; profits that were fairly to be expected under contracts already let will be granted out of appropriations. The government can not afford to be more tender toward the vested interests of capital than toward those of labor.

ONE bill passed by Congress—and now signed by the President—was such a small beginning in a vital matter that it seems out of place to thank Congress for doing what was so obviously its duty. We refer to the Sheppard-Towner Maternity bill, which creates a Federal Board of Maternal and Infant Hygiene, and appropriates some two million dollars toward education, with the cooperation of the states, in maternity and child feeding. The bill's course through Congress was not smooth, its life was often threatened, and it was continually a prey to our legislators' patternless capacities for misunderstanding, or a victim of such unintelligence as Senator Reed's, who called it "A bill to organize a board of spinsters to teach mothers how to raise babies." But finally victory has gone against those in the balance of whose minds the lives of children weigh less than the fear of "paternalism."

AS late as June, one will often find in mountain woods an obstinate patch of unmelted frost. And though in general the exaggerated hatred of the German and Austrian in this country has subsided, there are still Americans whose hate is undying, and who are proud of it. Dr. Lorenz has, in general, met with a reception the cordiality of which would two years ago have been incredible. A small exception was noted in the case of Philadelphia, where the Medical Club, which honored Dr. Lorenz nineteen years ago, "would have nothing to do with him," and where a doctor—whose stature does not justify our naming him—said: "The man is a Teuton and I shall never again have anything to do with a Teuton." If small minds insist on contributing their chapter to the history of foolish hatreds, let them.

Salvation by Conference

CAUTIOUSLY, step by step, but with evident assurance of purpose the administration is unfolding its foreign policy. The President and his Secretary of State propose and are seeking available methods of using the economic power and political prestige of the United States for the benefit of appeasement and recovery in all parts of the world, but for many reasons they are obliged to go slow. American public opinion is still reluctant to take many risks or to assume many responsibilities abroad, particularly in Europe; and in certain parts of the world the malady is so unmanageable that at present an outside physician can do no more than offer pious advice which the patient is too sick to accept. The administration began with naval disarmament as the immediate object and the Far East as the first subject of its political healing. Navies and China were matters in which the American people were directly interested and in relation to which American leadership had a good chance of being accepted, but the President never intended to stop at this point. He has proposed from the beginning, if he were successful in substituting conference for war as an agency of Far Eastern legislation, to extend the method to other problems and regions.

He has intended for many months ultimately to call a general conference. But the announcement of this intention on November 23rd, instead of at the end of the present Conference as was originally intended, is rendered possible by the appearance of one new condition in the complex of international politics and it is rendered extremely desirable by the intrusion of another. It is rendered possible by the fact that the administration considers the success, from its point of view, of the present Conference practically assured. It would not dare to launch the new ambitious project, if there was any danger of the foundering

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of the first more modest vessel of its own contrivance. But even though the prosperity of its first project seems assured, it would still have possessed sound reasons for delaying the announcement until its success was publicly admitted and confirmed, were it not for another less agreeable piece of news. Its very success in beginning the limitation of naval armaments and in introducing a little order into the Far East has intensified the political malady of Europe. France, in the person of M. Briand, declared that she preferred isolation to the taking of any share in the limitation of land armaments. Great Britain, in the person of Mr. Curzon, warned France that the preference for isolation might involve disaster. The long smouldering hostility between the two countries jumped to the surface, and it threatened to render a larger conference which would deal with land armament and the problem of Europe abortive before it started. If the project were to have any chance of success, the administration had to announce its intention unequivocally and without further delay.

The significance of proposing a new association of nations at the very moment when France insisted on disassociating herself from the movement towards appeasement is clear enough. In a less offensive but more emphatic way the American government repeated the British Foreign Minister's warning to France. It declared its intention of trying to substitute conference for armament and war as the means of international adjustment in Europe as well as the Far East, of including the defeated as well as the victorious nations within the embrace of conference and its beneficent authority. If its proposal should succeed what would be the result? It would bring into existence an association of nations whose unanimous decisions, even though they were not backed up by military force, would possess overwhelming moral authority. Any nation which would not conform and whose nonconformity was based upon a belief in armament rather than conference as an agency of international legislation, would do so at its peril. Its isolation would be ignoble and dangerous. It would become something like a moral outcast. All the imponderable weapons in international politics which the Allies mobilized so effectively against Germany would be brought into play against it.

The new association of nations proposed by Messrs. Harding and Hughes will possess one enormous and decisive advantage over the League of Nations. The League of Nations is still bound hand and foot by the instrument, the Treaty of Versailles, which created it. It cannot succeed in substituting conference for war as an agency of international legislation, because the Treaty of Versailles derives its sanction not from consent but from force. The chief business of any vital association of nations will not be to execute the Treaty of Versailles but to discover and work out the most available and least costly means of revising it. Such obviously is bound to be the chief business of the association of nations proposed by the American goverment. It will begin to repair a grievous wrong and to start a genuine process of reconciliation by summoning Germany as an equal to the council tables of the nations. It will be driven by the same logic eventually to issue a similar invitation to Russia. It will then consider what it can do infallibly to check the landslide of economic and social disintegration which is threatening European civilization. Its deliberations can reach only one conclusion. The European nations must agree to disarm or perish. They must finally substitute a new settlement for that of Versailles, because the present legal basis of political order in Europe derives its authority exclusively from armaments and the threat of war, and because as long as it endures, thoroughgoing disarmament is inconceivable. The calling of Germany and Russia into conference is a necessary means of obtaining their consent and assistance in substituting a new settlement for that of Versailles.

A satisfactory or even a semi-satisfactory revision of the Treaty is a task of colossal difficulty. It may be impossible as long as the temper and the power of the French nation remains anything like what it is. France will probably pursue, at least for a while, the perilous and arrogant path of national egotism and try to block the work of creating a concert of Europe based upon certain general principles of national development and international comity. But we do not believe France will either desire or be able indefinitely to obstruct the work of recovery. The French are stoutly and angrily rowing the boat of French policy against the rising tide of world feeling, opinion and need, and in the end the tide will rise too high and run too strong. It will swing them back. It has risen steadily since the Senate of the United States discredited the Treaty of Versailles by refusing to ratify it. When at that time the New Republic first suggested the calling of a new conference in order to revise the Treaty and lay a solid foundation for international cooperation, the suggestion was characterized by well-informed men like Mr. Hoover as preposterous. It appeared at that time to be sufficiently remote and dubious. But it was not preposterous. For one truth about

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it was clear to anyone who was willing to face the facts. Not only was conference the only possible existing substitute for armaments and war but the Treaty of Versailles stood in the way of calling the substitute into real existence. The "preposterous" suggestion is now adopted in substance by the American government. The United States in co-operation with such governments as Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary and others will try it out. The first trial may well fail. But they will try it again and again until they obtain a sufficient measure of success. They must and they will.

Publicity Without Candor

HOWEVER much or little the Conference may finally yield in the way of positive achievement, it is certainly yielding in the meantime an immediate boon, which before it assembled was loudly demanded as a demonstration of its good faith. It is yielding as never before in the relation to a delicate and momentous international negotiation, a veritable flood of publicity —publicity of all kinds and all degrees, some of it authorized and more of it unauthorized, some of it authentic and more of it unauthentic. Considering what has happened during the past few weeks, the earlier apprehensions that designing diplomats would conceal facts of importance from the public have become somewhat fantastic. So far as a sceptical observer can make out no facts which have any considerable bearing upon the processes and the decisions of the Conference are being concealed. On the contrary there is, if anything, too much publicity. The newspapers are throwing such a glare of light on Washington that the eyes of the ordinary man who is used to groping around in caves and hollows are blinded. It is not always easy to distinguish such pitiless and frantic publicity from sheer obscurity.

That publicity in superabundance is on the whole a popular benefit, we fully believe. It is a safeguard against betrayal even if it is not a positive help to understanding. Of one important truth the American, British and the Japanese people may feel quite assured. In so far as they do not know what is going on, it is the fault of their own ignorance which disqualifies them from interpreting the news. In Paris some extremely important decisions such, for instance, as the grant of Shantung to Japan and the inflation of the indemnity with pensions and separation allowances were reached without permitting public opinion any sufficient warning or opportunity to discuss and object. In both instances members of the American delegation uttered protests in private which if they had leaked out might well have rendered impossible the final consummation of these branches of faith. In Washington no betrayal of this kind will take place. The atmosphere of the gathering is different. The governments which are participating in the Conference recognize their obligations to the public more explicitly than did the feverish and fearsome officials who assembled in Paris. There is, of course, much that is going on in committee and other meetings which the newspapers do not and need not print, but whenever these secret negotiations tend towards a conclusion, they do not long remain secret.

It does not follow, however, that even though no essential facts are concealed from the public, no deception is being practised. The public is in truth being constantly deceived by the ignorant or artful manipulation of the very medium through which it is supposed to be informed. A very large proportion of the "stories" which are being published about the Conference are not authentic news. They are either innocent or deliberate lies. These lies originate from various sources. In some cases they come from overzealous correspondents who are trying to make a record for themselves and who take the chance of printing some wild rumor or ill-informed guess as authentic fact. More frequently they are communicated to the newspapers by official agents who seek to promote the interests of their own governments or protect them against damaging revelations by setting up a screen of plausible half or quarter truths. In still other cases the deception is traceable to the inability of the correspondent to place a correct interpretation upon an ambiguous or equivocal official announcement.

The net result of such perversions, it must be admitted, is very far from supplying the readers of the papers with a reliable survey of the proceedings of the Conference. The ignorant reader is certain to be confused or bamboozled. Except to a shrewd and well informed mind, news is to a large extent indistinguishable from propaganda and from guess work. We are getting publicity to burn, but it is publicity which is to a large extent without accuracy and without candor.

The newspapers are playing an unprecedentedly important rôle in the deliberations and proceedings of the Conference. It seems at times as if the Conference existed for the sake of the publicity about it instead of publicity for the sake of

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the Conference. And the news is untrustworthy and the publicity is without candor largely because the newspapers are at once so important yet so irresponsible. Parties to the Conference who are doubtful about their success with the official jury try out their cases in the newspapers. It is in them that all manner of trial balloons are trusted to the air and after a day of conspicuous notoriety are whisked away by some current to the frozen north. It is in them that all kinds of sham fights are carried on and all kinds of sham victories won. In fact the new diplomacy which is to such a large extent a new version of the old diplomacy guides its course by the light of one fixed star. No matter whether it succeeds or fails in actually accomplishing its objects, it must always appear in public to accomplish them. It can never admit to failure. Whatever it actually does or does not do, its policy must at any cost march down the columns of the press, with the flag flying and the band playing, as a brilliant success. The diplomat is a general whose only possible line of retreat consists so far as possible in taking precautions that the public shall not be able to distinguish a victory from a defeat. A large part of the publicity without candor derives from the transfer from the East to the West of the art of face-saving as the one indispensable attribute of the statesman.

In one conspicuous instance the whole machinery of the Conference has already been perverted to grind out publicity without candor, the object of which was to save the face of a prime minister and a nation. It was clear from the start that in so far as the Conference as a whole was sincere and successful, France was bound to incur moral isolation. The American object fundamentally is to justify disarmament by organizing a political substitute for military force; and that is precisely what France will not do and cannot do as long as she banks on the Treaty of Versailles. Her present foreign policy depends for its success upon the largest army in Europe as its instrument. When Mr. Hughes' plan for limiting navies started the Conference off on an apparently sincere and successful course, France immediately emerged as the one great nation which could not consider the substitution of conference for military force as a legislative agency in international politics and which consequently was divided from other nations in so far as they were ready to consider it. Such was the plain fact, but to recognize and publish it would have wounded the feelings and damaged the prestige of the French and pulled down the government of M. Briand. So M. Briand concocted a speech which was intended to prove for the public benefit how false the truth can be. Germany, although disarmed, remains an overwhelming military danger. France, although armed to the teeth, is as pacific and as inoffensive as a dove. She prepared for war only because she was passionately devoted to peace. Hence even though she refused to substitute conference for war, she still was not morally isolated among nations which did wish to disarm. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Hughes and most of the American newspapers agreed with M. Briand and scouted the idea in public of the moral isolation of France. The speech and its reception may save M. Briand from defeat when he returns home, but it will not save France from moral isolation. He affirmed isolation in fact by the means which he took to deny it in words, and while he was protesting too much his fellow countrymen were drawing the true inference from the incident. Many of them were boasting of the isolation which he was thrusting aside.

As long as international politics, governments, newspapers and public opinion are what they are, these perversions of publicity are bound to occur. They have the great disadvantage of impairing popular confidence in foreign offices and in the newspaper press, and in the absence of popular confidence in the newspapers and state departments a discriminating and self-possessed public opinion simply cannot come into existence. The newspaper reader tends to become either a credulous ignoramus or a cynic or both. Yet we should not take these perversions too seriously. In the long run they should and will correct themselves. The politician and the nation which save their faces by pretending to be something which they are not are sure to be found out. A slow but inexorable process of verification by the event takes place. Sometimes it is long before the event breaks through the screen of lies and establishes itself as truth, but if the offence is long continued the penalty which abides the event becomes proportionately high. Propaganda is a two-sided weapon. While it corrupts the propagandist as well as his victim, it appeals to a tribunal which will ultimately render a verdict against it. It is essentially the tribute which the lie pays to the truth.

It follows, however, that just because the aberrations and hypocrisies of publicity cannot be suppressed, they should all the more certainly be exposed. It is the business of able and honest journalists both to publish a complete and accurate account of the facts, and to interpret them candidly and fairly for the benefit of the public. This is being done with more or less success by a certain number of American journals among which

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the Chicago Daily News, the New York Globe and World, and the Baltimore Sun deserve particular mention. Perhaps the best job of all is being done by the Baltimore Sun. But on the whole the American press is not yet capable of playing up to the rôle which falls to its share in a world which transacts international legislation by conference rather than by war. It substitutes quantitative for qualitative publicity and it does not sufficiently protect its public against poor news and false news. Above all it allows itself to be made the accomplice of such a sheer imposition upon public credulity as that which M. Briand succeeded in practising. All these failures are failures of method. The newspapers of the country, if they wished and knew how, could supply to their readers an immensely better service with respect to the Washington Conference without adding a dollar to their expenses. It is entirely a matter of taking care to be better informed and because of this better information to report the news more accurately and to interpret it more candidly.

England, Germany and Russia

RECENTLY Hugo Stinnes visited London. Stinnes is a very rich man, the richest man in Germany, and that is saying much. For if the great mass of Germans have been impoverished by the war and the peace, a few Germans like Stinnes have been enormously enriched. They have seized control of a great part of German industry. They have succeeded, in a measure, to the power of the kings. Therefore it arouses a passing interest even in America when Stinnes visits London. But what do we think when Maximilian Harden declares that this visit is likely to have more important consequences than those of the Washington Disarmament Conference? Most of us think that Maximilian Harden is launching a piece of heavy German humor, that does not float with us. And if Harden were to add that Stinnes has recently made arrangements for an extensive system of banking branches in Soviet Russia we should feel that the joke was more obvious, but worse.

Let us add another item that comes to our uninterested eyes in the daily press. Some time ago the industrial association of which Stinnes is the leading figure proposed to raise two billions of gold marks with which the government might meet the next indemnity instalments. It was suggested that in return the government might turn over the state railways, not now a paying investment, to the industrialists, and pledge itself to abandon promised experiments in socialization. Any such quid pro quo, however, turned out to be distasteful to the government and likely to arouse the trade unions to frantic energy. It was dropped. Nevertheless the industrialists are likely to lend their credit to the government.

Finally we may note a plan for dealing with the indemnity presented to the Federation of British Industries by its retiring President, Sir Peter Rylands, reported in the World of November 24th. First, reparations should be transferred from the German government to German industry "by the creation of mortgages, or first preference interest-bearing shares, on big German industrial and commercial firms, banks, railways, canals, shipping lines. These would be given to the Allies to hold or sell to private persons as they saw fit." German payments in kind should be made in goods and services not competing with British; German construction work should be of such a nature that it would not pay as a purely business proposition, as for example, the restoration of railways and means of transport in Russia and Central Europe.

Are we dealing here with a chance assortment of news items, unrelated in fact and of no important bearing? Possibly. But first let us consider the economic logic of the situation. Everyone will recognize that if it were not for the accidents of political status England, Germany and Russia would be forming themselves into a fast welded economic chain. There would be huge gains for each and for all out of working together. And no two of them can work effectively together without the third.

But, it will be said, nothing is to be had out of Russia so long as the Soviet government remains. And only the most lamentable of the emigrés are now predicting the early fall of the Soviet government. Well, it is not the Germans who say that there is nothing to be got out of Russia. They believe that the man who knows how, can go into rural Russia, supply seed and farm implements to the peasant in return for a share in the prospective crop, and either barter that share for other goods or carry it away for export, with the consent and goodwill of the Soviet authorities. It is a kind of business that can be carried on only by those who know the Russian language and the Russian character. That excludes the French, the British and above all the Americans. But Germany has hosts of men who engaged in business in Russia before the war, and who are eager to try again.

The Germans believe that they can set produc-

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tion in motion in Russia, even in a Soviet Russia half dead of famine. They believe that in two or three years they can make Russia yield a surplus of wheat and rye for export—wheat for the British, rye for themselves. They believe that they can quickly get the cotton culture of the southeastern provinces well under way again, to help control American cotton prices. Even more promptly they can start the exploitation of the forests, of the Baku oil fields, of the platinum mines, and of a thousand and one other resources. And once the process is under way, they can see a great Russian market for railway iron, boat building material and what not. It may be objected that business men will not do any of these things without greater security than the Soviet government can offer. But let us remember that the Germans have been well weaned of the habit of looking for complete security. They have no security at home. No man knows that he will reap what he sows. Yet the Germans work and form plans and execute them.

Russia could conceivably be transformed into an exceedingly important source of materials. England needs the materials. England needs a market for a vast variety of goods. Russia needs the goods. Germany has the ability to bring England and Russia together, incidentally supplying her own needs for material with part of the Russian supply, and producing a variety of goods needed in Russia that England could not produce cheaply enough.

But if it is possible now to establish such fruitful economic relations, why was it not possible before the war? Because then Germany felt herself powerful enough to exclude England altogether. She saw the profit of exploiting Russia, but meant to exploit Russia for her own benefit. Further, to satisfy the landed Junkers of the eastern provinces, she had to refrain from developing Russian agricultural production. The Junkers and their lands are gone and Germany would he happy to find a source of cheap food. And as for the rivalry of the Germans and British, the war put Germany in England's hand. How far Germany trades at all abroad depends largely on England's goodwill.

Trading goodwill, however, does not turn on sentiment but on advantage. England will be certain of advantages from German trade expansion when Germany has become in effect a colony of England. And that is where the indemnity comes in.

France presses Germany to pay. Germany has no international credits. Her industrialists, however, can secure international credits, by the pledge of their resources, or as Sir Peter Rylands proposes, by the giving of preference shares. In either case it will not be the French, but the British, who will take the shares. It will not be French industry that is in effect consolidated with the German, but British industry.

For France is self-sufficing and protectionist. She has no place in any economic combination including Germany and Russia. She has no need for Russian materials, nor has she a cheap production adapted to Russian needs. She has no experience in foreign industrial investments, nor any taste for them. Her rôle is the mechanical one of forcing the combination into existence through the pressure for indemnity payments. When she has got her money, she will have got all there is in it, for her. And some day she will utter anathemas against perfidious Albion, who managed somehow to win at once the major profits of the victory and the solid friendship of the chief part of the Continent. And, perhaps, she will ask herself some day why she permitted the promising German democracy to fall under the chains of international capitalism in which France can play only a minor part, instead of honestly promoting it and joining with it to create in Europe a genuine internationalism of democratic peoples in which France might easily occupy the rôle of leadership.

Pussyfoot in the Theatre

WHAT does this country need most of all? Some people say, religion; education, others say; some say, journals of opinion; others, beer. One powerful and persistent group, however, knows exactly what this country most needs: it is censorship. And this group is now planning to extend censorship in the state of New York from the subjected movie industry to the productions of the regular drama.

In spite of the united protests of a free press and a liberty-loving people, this group is likely to succeed. The legislature at Albany will, in the near future, be asked to consider a bill requiring that every play be submitted to stage censorship before production; and it is not improbable that the respectable dramatists and the respectable theatrical managers may accept the principle of censorship in advance if they see any loophole in the arrangement for their own enterprises. If the anti-vice experts can bribe the respectables into thus accepting the principle of censorship, the rest is easy. To bulldoze a state legislature in the name of virtue is a patented device; and no matter how the heathen-democrat rages outside, censor-

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ship can very likely be rivetted to the American theatre by the pussyfoot process now so familiar.

Then the fun will begin. Let us imagine the most imposing board of censors possible—a bishop, an eminent professor, a publicist. Let us suggest Bishop Manning, Nicholas Murray Butler and Brander Matthews. Or let us suggest a board of a different complexion—Charles Beard, Heywood Broun and Max Eastman. Or Percy Stickney Grant, James Harvey Robinson and Dudley Field Malone. Or Norman Hapgood, Norman Thomas and Norma Talmadge. Or Lyman Abbot, the mayor of Buffalo and the editor of the Rochester Herald. Or Samuel Untermyer, Otto Kahn and Al Smith. No matter what combination is considered, no matter how estimable the men nominated may be, one has only to think of any given board in operation to realize what must happen to the drama in America. There is no board imaginable which will not be personal in its judgments, and to that extent capricious and tyrannical. There is no board imaginable which will not do more harm than good. If the board is "representative," it will be pedestrian and plays must be pedestrian to "get by." If the board is radical, the range of drama is as sure to be narrowed to suit radical preference and purpose as it must be narrowed to suit the conservatives if the conservatives should dominate. The state, in other words, cannot possibly employ censorship without to that extent entrenching personal government. That is the evil of censorship, which is a deliberate accentuation of the most dangerous element in public control.

Of course men whose minds are obsessed by the desire to *enforce* purity cannot be expected to be rational in this matter. The theatre has always seemed wicked to such men. It has always seemed to them to be the match or the torch that sets men's inflammable nature afire. Every leg that is exposed in the theatre, or every naked word that is exposed, seems to these obsessed minds to be an attempt to arouse lust and lechery in the hearts of a sinful generation. As between a leg-show, which definitely appeals to sex, and a drama in which the leg is exposed for surgical reasons, these vice-specialists do not discriminate. They want censorship to scour the drama of every stray reference to the fact that men and women have a sexual character and can have sexual desires, and also to scour it of everything that could by inference relate to sex. They do not fear ridicule in this matter. They read human nature in the lurid light of their own obsession, and they believe they alone have common sense.

But even if these men did not control the censorship of the drama, the censorship would still be a retrograde institution, it would still fall like the shadow of the gallows across the path that our drama should travel. Censorship permits the men who exercise it to deny life and function to the work of creative artists except on the terms of the censor. It is a pernicious institution which permits its agents, of their own will but on the authority of the state, to interfere with processes which ought to be as free as the air. It says to the creative processes: Your results must conform to our requirements and purposes, and if they don't their presentation to the public will be prohibited.

The glorious success of liquor prohibition shows what happens to the law when it is drafted not with regard to the wishes of the people's representatives but at the dictation of terrorists. A similar success might be predicted for censorship except, unfortunately, that the drama cannot be smuggled by bootleggers or consumed in the home. If the censorship of the drama is enacted, it will be nominally effective. That is the main reason for working against its enactment. Without any such benighted tool as the censorship, society can fully protect itself against obscene plays. The machinery exists, and is in good order, by which theatrical managers and authors can be brought to account if they violate the common law. While this machinery is sometimes set in motion by the puritanical terrorists, it is nevertheless not inherently a menace to liberty such as censorship is. The reason these terrorists resort to censorship is precisely because they mistrust liberty. They live a life of fear—fear of sex, fear of the Reds, fear of human nature, above all human expression. And they are gradually getting this country by the throat.

The New
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The Politics of Famine

DISTRESS is a harsh schoolmaster, and it commonly happens that his pupils are too angry, too worried, too busy with quarrels among themselves, to heed his lessons. A year ago we talked in England of the "crisis" of unemployment. Habit had taught us to expect a brief cyclical depression of trade, and the country prepared itself to meet it by the usual expedients of telling the workers to tighten their belts, and dispensing doles to the victims of a momentary "slump." As the months followed each other, the word "crisis" became inapplicable. We are realizing that the causes which have flung three million men and women out of work in our island, are still capable of a long and steady operation.

For all practical purposes our Continental market disappeared with the war as completely as though some unexampled deluge had submerged all Europe from the Volga to the Rhine. An impoverished Europe cannot buy from us. In the early months that followed the armistice, our industrialists faced that prospect calmly. They thought that in the South American and other distant markets they would more than recoup themselves for the loss of Europe. Experience has taught them better. Since Europe can no longer buy Brazilian coffee, colonial wool, Egyptian cotton, Chilean nitrate and Argentine meat on the old scale, it follows that the countries which produce these things are less able to absorb our manufactured goods. In the second place, Germany, with her industries working full time under the lash of the indemnity, has found in cheap labor based on the depreciated mark, the key to unlock these markets. Her activity may bring her little benefit, since she labors for the victors, but while her own workers remain underfed and half-clad, she is beginning to send out to distant markets a stream of exports, with which our own cannot compete.

Various remedies are debated. Partly in despair and partly in malice, our employing class is cutting wages drastically, but that expedient will be futile, unless it ends by reducing our own standard of life to the Central European level. Some experts fasten on the symptom of the European disease of poverty, and talk of stabilizing the currencies. With more insight, Mr. Churchill inveighs with belated eloquence against the folly with which all the belligerent governments have loaded each other with debts and indemnities. They are learning today that an international debt may be, for creditor and debtor alike, an unmitigated curse. Some of us knew it in advance. I fought the constituency next door to Mr. Churchill's in the general election of 1918. I was beaten because I preached the folly of indemnities, while he won his seat on the cry of "making the Germans pay."

A year or two more of these miseries may conceivably bring us to the point of cancelling debts all round. The now fashionable remedy is, however, to foster British trade with the Continent by a system of guarantees to British banks, which in their turn are to back British merchants in the effort to sell British goods on long credit to the smaller countries of Central and Eastern Europe. The idea is sound enough, but it has a very limited range. In the first place, what Poland and Austria want is not so much manufactured goods, as raw materials for their own industries. In the second place, it is folly to try to sell to these countries while, on the plea that their currency fosters unfair competition, we prevent them by our new duties from selling to us. In the third place, these countries are more naturally a German market; we shall fail to undersell her goods, and even could we do so, the result would be to cause more mischief than benefit. Finally, by a strange obstinacy, the list of markets which are to be fostered, still excludes the biggest, the hungriest and the most neglected of all. Russia is not on the schedule.

To suggest that we ought to start trading with Russia, while she is agonizing under the Volga famine, may raise an unkindly smile. Certainly to expect any early return would be folly, and it may be a misnomer to use the word "trade" at all. Even so, if there were grave doubt whether much or any of our assisted exports to Russia would ever be repaid, I should still defend this plan. Today we are paying out millions in unemployed doles and parish relief to our unemployed. Which is wiser, to give these inadequate and demoralizing grants to keep men barely alive in idleness, or to pay them wages to make spades and ploughs for Russia? You might never get it back. True. But in any case we are dumping extensively. I met a man the other day who had just returned from the West African coast, where he had been selling vast quantities of textiles to Negroes at half the prices ruling in England. One should not grudge the Negroes their luck, but textiles in their climate are a luxury. There is a tragic lack of them in Russia. Assume at the worst that the labor costs might never be recouped, we should

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still be no poorer than if we had given the same money in doles. Tomorrow or the day after, Russia could assuredly pay for the material. The positive argument for this course is that it would be an investment. It would restore Russia to her place in the world's economic system.

It wants but little imagination to see in detail how the process would work. Give me a train load of nails, screws, saws, axes, and scythes, not to speak of boots, galoshes, and overcoats, and let me travel with it through the Ukraine or Siberia, where the harvest this year has been reasonably good. Let me barter its contents for grain, and I will undertake to fill an almost indefinite number of trains with the proceeds of my deal. The scarcity value of one mixed packet of nails and screws is fabulous in Russia. I tested that last year with a few which I took as gifts to peasants. For months and even years, you might go on exchanging such goods against grain, at a rate many times above that prevailing in the world market. The first destination of the grain so obtained should be to complete the saving for the next harvest on the Volga. The next use for it should be to feed the starving millions of its population, until that harvest is reaped. That is only beginning, however. Suppose that in touring about with my train load of foreign goods, I am able to announce confidently that I shall be round again on the same route after the next harvest with a train twice as long, and ready to do business at a somewhat lower rate of barter. What will be the result? That these peasants, who during seven years of war, civil war and blockade, have never seen a load of foreign goods and have almost forgotten that such things can be bought and earned, will at once set to work to increase their area of cultivation.

I am writing of conditions which I have seen. I remember well a visit to one village market in the West. I was thirsty and hungry. There were milk and fruit in plenty, but nothing whatever could be bought with soviet rubles. "For salt" was the monotonous answer to all my pleadings. Given the appropriate article of barter, here salt, there boots, elsewhere sugar and everywhere metal goods, you may buy what you will and at rates to allure the greediest profiteer. To affect cultivation, to restore the old acreage of Russia and with it the old surplus of grain for export, it is necessary only to organize these imports, and to guarantee that they shall continue for two or three years. That cannot be done save on a credit basis. If you could go somewhat further, and send in not merely nails and boots, but ploughs, reapers and tractors, you might hope to double and eventually even to quadruple the pre-war yield of Russia in grain. That magic requires, of course, the intervention of the cooperative organization as medicine man. With ploughs and reapers as your bribe, you can persuade any village, however backward, to abandon its two or three field system, to break up its long narrow strips of soil into fields capable of cultivation by machinery, to adopt a proper rotation of crops, and to form itself into an "artél" (cooperative guild) for disciplined labor in common.

I never cease to marvel at the miracles and the failures of capitalistic enterprise. Is your object killing, then all the banks will rush to aid you to perform it, on the long credit system. You may mobilize all the industry of civilization to make your munitions for you, and all in return for an I. O. U. But announce that your purpose is the saving of life and the restoration of a fertile land, ask for ploughs instead of machine guns, admit that little return is to be expected for two or three years, and not all the prospects of a mighty harvest in the future will conjure from industry even its unsaleable stocks and its embarrassing surplus. I have often asked myself what I should have done if I had been one of the Big Four in November, 1918. I never hesitate for an instant over the first step. I would have continued the war-time control of the world's industry for a few months longer and extended it to enemy countries until in England, Germany and America, I had collected vast stocks of railway engines, lorries, motor ploughs and reapers. I would have borrowed if necessary to do it, and then I would have scattered these instruments of salvation, more lavishly than aerial bombs, over all the devastated East of Europe. It would have cost no more than the millions squandered on Denikin and Kolchak. In their wisdom the Big Four preferred to blockade. They organized famine, and now it stalks the earth. On the Volga they lack bread, and on the Thames we go idle.

I have tried in vain to popularize this notion in England. I venture to put it before American readers in the hope of meeting there with some adventurous mind, who has the will and the means to realize it. The obstacle is, of course, the profound suspicion, to use no stronger term, which the West feels towards Russia. Most of it is based on false "news," collected by secret service agents from "White" refugees. I shall never forget the positive vertigo of surprise with which on coming out of Russia, I read the news that had appeared in English papers of doings there during the two months of my stay. What mattered was not so much that the news itself was either totally

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false or grossly exaggerated, what mattered was that the whole background, the entire picture of life, the estimate of what is probable and possible in Russia, was distorted out of any resemblance to fact. No one really believes that Lenin and Trotsky fight a daily duel over a nationalized woman, and then flee abroad in aeroplanes. But it is believed that every sort of murder, robbery, violence and lust is universal and habitual. Now the main fact, the broad fact, is order and security. The exceptions are apt to be sudden and horrible when they do occur, but they are not so frequent as the Black and Tan outrages were until the other day in Ireland, or lynchings in the Southern States.

I encounter everywhere in England, in the effort to gather money for the Volga famine, the belief that the Red army will steal it all. My difficulty is to know where to begin with my contradictions. I want to tell the angry City Merchant that the Red army consists of young men, mostly the sons of peasants, neither better nor worse by nature than they were under the Tsar. The chief difference is that from being drunken they have become sober, instead of idling they go to school, and whereas they were illiterate, they now can read. But experience warns me that if I say this and describe my three weeks at the Red army headquarters, I shall meet with mere incredulity. I tell him instead that the English Quakers have distributed relief for eighteen months in Russia (I saw them at their splendid and generous work), that they have lost only one half of one percent in all that time, that they lost as much or more in other countries, and finally that when one consignment of goods did go astray, the Soviet government at once replaced its value by a check on London. That makes him hesitate. "But surely," he retorts, "the Red army did requisition mercilessly in the villages and steal the peasants' grain?" Of course it did requisition. It could do nothing else. There was a drought that year. The towns were near to starving. The requisitions (which, by the way, began in 1916 under the Tsar) were not private robbery, but a desperate measure for the general salvation to provide food for the towns. What was wrong about them was not that the grain was taken, but that the state factories, busy in making munitions against Wrangel and the Poles, turned out no goods for distribution among the peasants. The goods were not to be had. Just because barter was impossible, force had to be used. The result was that the peasant sowed each year a little less. The fault lay not in the plan, which was one of exchange under state auspices, but in the fact that the state, owing to the blockade and the civil wars, had nothing to give for the grain. The plan I propose is to reverse all this, to provide the goods, and have faith that the grain will grow.

Having gone thus far, I encounter another objection. If we give this relief, still more if we give credits, we shall bolster up a system of violence, and strengthen a party which is plotting world-revolution. Well, if the City Merchant imagines that by letting the peasants die by the million on the Volga, he will bring down the Soviet government, I can only give my modest opinion that he is mistaken. Russians are fatalists to an extent inconceivable by us. The Soviet, moreover, is very clever in putting its own gloss on events, and its gloss in this case might have the merit of truth. It will say that this awful disaster is the work of this same City Merchant, who first hired the Poles and the Whites to attack, then blockaded, and finally looked on inactive at famine. I stake what credit I may have on the prediction that the one relatively capable party in Russia will continue to govern, even after this catastrophe, but if I am mistaken, I risk a second prediction. The result of upsetting it will not be any sort of order, however "White," but a chaos and a perennial civil war more desperate than anything in the past.

To come now to the more serious argument, I am not going to stultify myself by admitting that the Soviet government is bloody, violent and cruel. Its central aim is humanitarian and much of its achievement, especially in the schools, puts richer nations to shame. But without a doubt it does rely on force: it represses and polices ruthlessly, and it does not scruple to shoot a plotter. The City Merchant and I are at one in wishing that this ugly reign of force could come to an end. But how can it come to end? Only by replacing the motive of obedience to force by the ordinary economic motives. If I have no goods to trade with in the village, if the town will starve unless I can get grain from the village, well then, horrible as it sounds, I think I have the right to threaten to shoot the village, unless it will give up its hoarded grain. A bad plan. A cruel plan. But after all the only plan, in a state of civil war and blockade. I would put it to the City Merchant, that only if he will help to get goods for barter into the village, can this system of force come to an end. Stop the plotting, the invading, the blockading, try the experiment of trade instead, and then complain if the violence still goes on. A menaced and boycotted government can only be violent. It lacks the means to govern by reliance on the normal economic motives. I believe that my trains would carry much more than boots and nails into Russia. They would carry hope and

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good temper, confidence and industry. The tone of command would die out in the official's voice. He would be surprised to find that he need no longer order and threaten his charges to work.

Lastly a word on world-revolution. That is a dead bogey. Today the Russian state has restored private property, and legalized private trade. It has given up the attempt to change society by one sudden effort. Its whole thought is now the consolidation and restoration of Russia. It is not going to risk its own future by bringing down the wrath of the rest of the world upon itself. Only today as I write, the papers contain an exhortation from Moscow to the Third International to drop "direct action" and "respect the armistice with capitalism." The will to a truce exists. Truces of that kind last as long as the wisdom of both sides. Let the West use the truce and Moscow will have no motive to break it. Not by threatening, not by boycotting, not even by bargaining, can you hope to modify the political system of Russia. Its violence will disappear when the smile returns to the face of the Russian peasant and the Russian soil. Trust your goods to this starving yet fruitful land, have faith yourselves in the economic laws in which you believe, and in two harvests or three, half a continent, derelict today, may return to the comity of mankind.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Conference and a Happy Ending

IF the American people are going to bring an enlightened public opinion to bear on the Conference, we need more sob sisters and fewer joy brothers to report the Conference. The nations and diplomats who are interested in maintaining the status quo in the Far East have everything to gain by spreading a Pollyanna atmosphere over the doings of the Conference. Foreign diplomats are well aware of American national psychology. They know our sentimental optimistic streak and our desire to feel that we are playing a great part in promoting the idealistic welfare of the world. They know that when all is said and done, it is going to be important to the Washington administration to have the American people believe that American policies have won out as regards the Far East, and that it is essential to the administration to secure results as to navies. These things are among the best cards held by foreign diplomats. A disposition of the American public to put the best face possible on everything done by the Conference is one of the surest ways to help some of the worst things happen or at least to fail to get done some of the possible good things.

Matters have reached, as this is written, the point where it is much more important to note what isn't done and said than what is said, because the former decides the meaning of the latter. The obvious exception is in the case of the reduction of armaments, where there are specific, statistical conditions to keep track of, not such generalities as are being fed to the public as regards the Far East. I suggest three matters, one for the United States, one for Great Britain and one for Japan, which will bear watching. What happens with reference to them will give a fair test for the reader of the daily news to apply to the outgivings from Washington, and will give him a means by which he can decide which way things are really going.

Everything that has so far occurred bears out the original information as to the general instructions under which the Japanese delegates were to operate. The information was that Japan was to favor in a hearty and sincere manner the reduction of armaments, provided that it was confined to the navy and applied in fair ratio to the three great powers; but was to discourage, so far as possible, the discussion of Far Eastern policies and secure postponement if some action threatened. It was also understood that she would put emphasis upon the disorganized state of China—as of course she is entitled to do up to a certain point—and insist that if anything was done about China it would require a political concert of the powers with a supervisory control of China to make sure of execution.

The point of the latter policy is obvious. If it is accepted, Japan becomes, because of inevitable geographical facts, the trustee of the powers for China. If it fails, Japan can throw the blame upon others, especially upon the United States. She will say in effect that after talking as usual a great deal about her interest in China, the United States as usual failed to come to the point when it was a matter of doing something. It does not take much ingenuity to see that her policy may be to shape things so that there will be but two alternatives; one, doing nothing, leaving the status quo with all its advantages for Japan; the other, forcing to the front a plan for joint action which the United States will reject. Of course this policy

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does not preclude a number of incidental concessions which the Sino-Japanese relations call for anyway, and which a happy and hopeful American public will greet as victories for American policies.

Admiral Kato helped create the wave of indiscriminate optimism by his prompt assent to the Hughes proposals. It was heralded to the American people as a wonderful concession to the United States, and accepted as such by those who had been taught that Japan was always a militaristic nation and who do not know the pressure she is under from the burden of naval expense, nor how small a navy actually suffices Japan for defensive purposes or even for offensive aims under the generous conditions of American reduction proposed by Hughes. Probably Japan got more than she had hoped for. There is nothing to object to in this fact. It is in the interest of the world as well as of Japan that the plan should be adopted. The significant thing is that publicity began to pour forth that Japan needed an 8 or at least 7 ratio to 10-10, instead of a 3-5-5 ratio.

There is no unworthy suspicion of Japan attaching to the supposition that this is a mask for some real aim, and that what she is not talking about is more important than what she is loudly saying. It is no secret to Japan that American public opinion is much more active and informed on the subject of armaments than it is on the Far East. It is no secret to her that the administration has a great deal politically at stake in the success of the reduction of armament part of the Conference. It is no secret that while there is a good disposition toward China there is no absorbing interest nor exacting judgment as to what happens. It is possible that at the proper time Japan will reluctantly concede in the matter of naval armaments substantially what is asked of her, out of regard for her good friend, the United States, and her regard for the peace of the world—the proper time being gauged by the state of negotiations concerning China. Or she may stiffen up and imperil the success of limitation of armaments unless things go her way as to China.

The gush about Briand and the French necessities for land armament must have been highly pleasing to Japan. It practically disposed of any chance for consideration that the question of reduction of soldiery and abolition of conscription may ever have had. Those who were in Japan at the time of the Versailles Peace Conference know the one thing which made a great popular impression. It was erroneously reported at one time that the abolition of conscription had been decided upon. It was several days before the error was corrected. It is impossible to imagine the extent of official consternation and the amount of popular satisfaction during this short period. The Japanese are a very patriotic people. But if anyone believes they are in love with compulsory military service, the enormous sigh of relief that greeted the false report was the lesson of a lifetime. The optimistic American outburst of sentiment that met the eloquence of Briand would perhaps have been dampened if it had been realized that if there had been a definite understanding between the French and Japanese, the French position is just the one that Japan would have asked France to take, so that Japan might be relieved of the burden of defending her system of conscription and her huge army.

The optimists of the press also report Great Britain backing the American policy as to China. At the same time, it is reported that she insists upon keeping the Anglo-Japanese alliance. One set of newspaper headlines says "Britain backing China and America but insists on entente with Japan." This is much like saying that Britain wants white but insists upon black. The "entente" means the alliance, although enlarged to take in the United States if possible. And the alliance is just the thing, so far as the Far East is concerned, which stands between Great Britain on the one hand and China and the United States on the other. But from all sources, even from far New Zealand, come in just the nick of time reports as to the necessity of continuing the alliance, with the United States if possible, without us if necessary.

It doesn't show undue suspicion of Great Britain to ask what is the concealed aim, what is Great Britain really after. She knows well enough that the United States will not come into a tripartite agreement, that the Senate would not ratify it, even if the American diplomats agreed—which they know the Senate and American opinion too well to do. It is also familiar to them that in all human probability Canada stands ready to repudiate the dual alliance if it is renewed, and that opinion in England itself is so rapidly crystallizing against it that the power of the Foreign Office to renew it is uncertain. Why didn't Great Britain renew when the stage was all set, and when there was much less opposition at home than there is now, if her heart is so unalterably fixed? This talk is obviously trading talk, or aimed at some as yet unavowed point. Is it to back up Japan's policy at a critical moment on the ground that the United States declines to enter into the only arrangement which is practicable? Quite likely not, but what then? There is a desire to create some situation which will bring pressure on the United States in some direction.

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As for the United States's policy so far as revealed, the test question is whether Mr. Root's four points are meant to sanction the status quo in China. If events as they continue to develop show that such is their main intent, then we may be sure that the administration in order to secure itself politically with the American people, is willing to bargain with Japan and Great Britain at the expense of China. There has been a cryptic intimation that the recognition of China's sovereignty by these Root principles is equivalent to enforcing against her all the treaties and commitments which she has signed—for otherwise China would not be sovereign in her treaty-making power! This ingenious device is worthy of that type of American legal mind which has found that it is interference with the liberty of the American workingman to do anything to place him in a secure position of freedom. But it is almost inconceivable—unfortunately not quite—that the problems of the Far East should be approached in this spirit.

Of course it is something to improve China's condition for the future. But the forces which are operating because of the things that have been done in the past will not stop operating because a Conference of powers in Washington decides that such and such things shall be done in the future. The only successful way to regulate the future is by dealing with conditions that now exist. Diplomats are wont to square the circle and perform other impossibilities. To consecrate the status quo in China and then to resolve that things shall be done differently in the future is another of these miracles of diplomacy.

Is the American press going to feed that portion of the American public which requires a happy ending to every novel and drama? Or is it going to take the risk of offending American sentiment and pride by ceasing to proclaim every move as a great advance, and every remark of a foreign diplomat as a tribute to American success, and a reason for swelling American pride? The danger is the greater because our vanity got such a terrible prick at Versailles—a wound that had much to do with our withdrawal into our shell. Now that we have put our heads out again, we are looking for solace and compensation. There are foreign diplomats skilled enough to salve our wounds while they achieve in fact their own ends. If we are not too much inclined to spend our energy in gladsome cheering, we are more likely to attain that "happy ending" to the Washington drama which is so much needed by our mental habit and by our still sore pride.

JOHN DEWEY.

A Second Journey to Pan-Africa

IN 1919 Pan-Africa was a phase of war—an attempt to call the attention of a world in travail to the plight of a race. The cry was heard but hardly understood, for other and greater cries drowned it. But in 1921 there seemed to come a chance to test the depth and meaning of Pan-African consciousness.

Three sets of audiences gathered in London, Brussels and Paris for the Second Pan-African Congress. In the English gatherings were Negroes and mulattoes from West and South Africa, British Guiana, Grenada, Jamaica, Nigeria and the Gold Coast; Indians from India and East Africa; colored men from London and twenty-five American Negroes. The voices were outspoken after a rather timid and apologetic opening. The resolutions—strong and clear, with their plain leaning toward industrial democracy, went through without a dissenting voice, though some older representatives of white British philanthropy were evidently not content.

This British attitude showed itself best in a conference arranged by the Aborigines' Protection Society with Sir Sidney Olivier, former Governor of Jamaica, in the chair. Their secretary promptly put the burden of position on us by offering three resolutions for our adoption, on Land, Labor, and Conscription in Africa. Our committee replied that a demand for "sufficient lands" "to provide for the economic independence of the family units" in Africa did not go far enough; that we agreed with their opposition to the new slavery and did not agree that France had no right to conscript her black as well as her white citizens, so long as conscription was her policy, and so long as she recognized racial equality; and that France did come nearer this recognition than any other modern land. Then we in turn changed the subject and spoke freely of the future relations of philanthropy and the Negro problem, laying down the principle that Negro effort aided by white cooperation must be the rule rather than white effort carried on without reference to the opinion and wishes of black folk or with only casual consultation of picked representatives.

In contrast to this attitude was our conference with the foreign relations committee of the Labor party. There we sought to let men like Clynes, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Lowes Dickinson, Mrs. Philip Snowden, Leonard Woolf, C. P. Buxton, Sir G. Fordham and others, know the real oneness of black and white labor problems. They were not perhaps entirely convinced, but they were deeply

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sympathetic and were plainly seeking information rather than hoping to give advice.

In Belgium the scene changed. We had here audiences predominantly white and local, but the Belgian Congo was strongly represented, the American group was increased, and the French colonies and Abyssinia appeared. Not only was this a change of personnel but the language difficulty was to the fore, leaving the thirty Americans for the most part linguistically stranded; and, too, a new spirit was in the air. We sensed the Fear about us in a war-land with nerves still taut. It had taken swift work with M. Frank, the Colonial Minister, and others, and probably some diplomatic interchanges, to keep us from being denied admission to Belgium, and particularly the use of the State building, the Palais Mondial. The opening session was palpitating with curiosity and the press tables were crowded. Two Generals graced the platform where presided the black Senegalese, Blaise Diagne, President of the Congress and French Deputy and High Commissioner of African troops. A white French deputy was also there, an Abyssinian, and an American colored woman; the Colonial Office was represented by two officials who pointedly declined platform seats; there were also present, a group of international students, several hundred white Belgians, and many black Congolese.

For two days the speeches went on smoothly—too smoothly, I felt, because nothing was being said but platitudes—not a word about the past in the Congo; not a word about the present; only a hint of a future with some education, some recognition of the chiefs, some industrial betterment. To this was added every effort to show what Belgium had done for the Negro. And here there was much to be said: we stood astounded before the crowning wonder of that museum at Tervurien. It was marvelous—the visible, riotous wealth of the Congo, the startling size of the vast African empire destined to make Belgium but a physical fraction of her own black colonial self; the beauty—the infinite, intriguing, exquisite beauty of Negro art. And yet in its midst and centre, at the end of the long, straight, beech-lined avenue of ten miles, sat Leopold II in ivory; while in the Congress he had not been mentioned!

It was in no spirit of trouble-making but as a simple duty that I rose the last afternoon and read in French and in English the resolutions of London. I did not dream of the consternation which I would cause; but even if I had, it was my evident and bounden duty to read our adopted charter of complaint and hope, even in Belgium. I had previously made it plain in correspondence that we came not for "revolution" but certainly for calm and reasoned complaint, and I was unprepared to hear the word which London received without protest, called "Bolshevist" and "absolutely inadmissible" in Brussels.

Diagne, the Senegalese Frenchman who presided, was beside himself with excitement after the resolutions were read; as an under-secretary of the French government, as ranking Negro of greater France, and perhaps as a successful investor in French colonial enterprises, he was undoubtedly in a difficult position. Possibly he was bound by actual promises to France and Belgium. His French was almost too swift for my ears, but his meaning was clear: he felt that the cause of the black man in Belgium and France had been compromised by black American radicals; he especially denounced our demand for "the restoration of the ancient common ownership of the land in Africa" as rank communism. Panda, the young black leader of Negro Congo in Belgium, was curiously perplexed, and my heart went out to him. White friends—his foster mother, a Belgian general, several members of philanthropic bodies—eddied about him and about Diagne with advice and warning, while several Belgian officials made speeches and reporters hunted for copy.

Meantime, the colored Americans were pressing rather peremptorily for the appointment of a committee on the question of our London resolutions—forgetting the almost unlimited power of a French presiding officer. I was both alarmed and cheered. At least the question had been laid before Belgium and the world. We would not leave a Negro World Congress without really mentioning the truth of our problems. On the other hand, if it could be said that our Congress ended in an uproar—or if our French and Belgian colleagues could be induced to withdraw, the Pan-African movement would receive a severe, perhaps fatal, check. Paul Otlet, a white Belgian, "father of the League of Nations" and co-secretary with Senator La Fontaine of the Palais Mondial, sought to calm the waters by a harmless proposal which Diagne rushed to a vote, even allowing guests and visitors a voice, and swamping Pan-Africa momentarily under the opinion of white Belgians. Mr. Otlet's proposition declared Negroes "susceptible" of advancement from their present backward condition and that their development would rid humanity of a weight of 200 millions of ignorant incompetents, and that collaboration between races on a basis of equality was an urgent duty today. He proposed, therefore, a federation of all uplift agencies of Negroes and their friends centring in the Palais Mondial, Belgium.

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Diagne's precipitate acceptance of this program pleased neither its promoters, like the aged General Sorelas, former pupil of the great Cardinal Lavigerie—nor yet the American Negroes who envisaged a bigger, stronger movement and who saw little to encourage them to hope that Belgium was ready to lead in the restoration of Negro civilization. Their strong but calm stand finally brought order out of threatened chaos: the Otlet resolutions were declared adopted, but the London manifesto was held for further consideration, to be debated on and finally voted on in Paris. After adjournment, groups of whites and blacks stood about until dark, discussing in French, Flemish, Spanish, Portuguese and English, the meaning of that whirl of deep feeling which flared before adjournment.

We came to Paris with a sense of strain and apprehension, only partially allayed by a long, frank conference with Diagne who acknowledged that his methods in Brussels were high-handed but contended that he had only sought to prevent the "assassination of a race!" The Paris meeting was different from both London and Brussels. It was not "official"—it had clear and determined elements of revolt. It was outspoken and it was bitter with complaint. The variety of groups represented was larger than in London or Brussels, and included besides the United States, the former German colonies, the Portuguese colonies, French Senegal, Congo, and the West Indies, British West India, the Philippines, and Annam. There was no attempt to control the Congress in the interests of any one point of view. None of the colored deputies of the French Parliament attempted to have their way exclusively. Every attempt at smooth platitude was thwarted. "We are a little France," cried the Haitian Minister diplomatically. "Yes, but France did not give freedom to Haiti —Haiti took it," answered the Americans amid the wild applause of young Haiti; and they added that when America seized Haiti, it was not France but Black America which made the only effective protest.

"We are getting on all right in the French Congo," cried a black Congolese in halting phrase, but he was followed by a white Frenchman, Challaye, with circumstantial denunciation of French methods in her Congo.

French and English officials, two ex-governors from Africa, and may prominent whites watched the proceedings and reporters questioned us; above all one thought was uppermost: What did this Congress mean? What was back of it? What were our objects? Especially we were asked repeatedly if we represented the West Indian "Africa for the Africans" movement, which apparently proposed the forcible expulsion of the whites. It was not easy to explain at first that this Congress was a meeting for conference and acquaintanceship, for organization and study; that it did not as yet represent any complete, settled and adopted policy, but that its members almost unanimously repudiated any policy of war, conquest, or race hatred. On the other hand, we did agree on an unalterable belief in racial equality and on the general proposition that the government and policy of Africa must be designed primarily for the good of the Africans themselves and not primarily for the profit of colonial powers.

Here it was that we encountered the central Fear of France: the main reaction of that organized thrift of Central Europe which is today governing and leading economic reorganization after the war. France recognizes Negro equality not only in theory but in practice; she has for the most part enfranchised her civilized Negro citizens. But what she recognizes is the equal right of her citizens, black and white, to exploit by modern industrial methods her laboring classes, black and white; and the crying danger to black France is that its educated and voting leaders will join in the industrial robbery of Africa rather than lead its masses to education and culture. This is not yet true, but men like Diagne and Candace, while unwavering defenders of racial opportunity, education for blacks, and the franchise for the civilized, are curiously timid when the industrial problems of Africa are approached.

For instance, they asked us to omit from the French version of our English manifesto, seven paragraphs which emphasized and particularized our arraignment of predatory capital in Africa. The gist of the paragraphs lay in these words:

> If we are coming to recognize that the great modern problem is to correct maladjustment in the distribution of wealth, it must be remembered that the basic maladjustment is in the outrageously unjust distribution of world income between the dominant and suppressed peoples; in the rape of land and raw material; the monopoly of technique and culture. And in this crime white labor is particeps criminis with white capital. Unconsciously and consciously, carelessly and deliberately, the vast power of the white labor vote in modern democracies has been cajoled and flattered into imperialistic schemes to enslave and debauch black, brown and yellow labor, until with fatal retribution, they are themselves today bound and gagged and rendered impotent by the resulting monopoly of the world's raw material in the hands of a dominant, cruel and irresponsible few.

The Americans insisted upon including these

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paragraphs but consented to have them especially marked as being the opinion of Black America but reserved by Black France for consideration at the next Congress.

Back of this serious internal difference of opinion and policy, which future Congresses must thresh out, lay a subtler and more fundamental problem: Europe asked, What do these hundred, more or less, persons of near and far Negroid ancestry really represent? Is this a real Pan-Negro movement or the work of individuals or of small groups enthusiastic with an idea but representing little?

And we ourselves could not answer. Of the hundred and fifty millions of African Negroes, few were conscious of our meeting. But a few were: in South Africa—even in far Swaziland—in Kenya, East Africa—in the Egyptian Sudan, in Angola, in Liberia and British West Africa, in Nigeria and the Gold Coast, in the French and Belgian Congo and throughout the Americas, many black men knew definitely of our meeting and some attended. But how far did we really represent and voice them and how far were we merely floating in the air of our dreams and ambitions?

We were undoubtedly an intelligentzia—a small group of intellectuals interpreting to some extent but more certainly seeking to guide the public opinion of our group. Was our interpretation honest and clear, and would our guidance be followed? Who shall say until Time itself tells? But certainly there is today no gainsaying the ground swell in the Negro race—the great, unresting, mighty surge; it is reported by every colored official, it is feared by every colonial power, it is sensed by every intelligent Negro in every part of the world. What is it? Sometimes it is revolt against slavery; sometimes revolt against land theft; sometimes complaint against low wages, always a chafing at the color-bar.

What part did the Pan-African Congress play in this worldwide feeling? It did not cause it, as many accuse; it but partially and fitfully voiced it. But it did do three things:

1. It brought face to face and in personal contact a group of educated Negroes of the calibre that might lead black men to emancipation in the modern world.

2. It discovered among these men more points of agreement than of difference.

3. It expressed the need of further meetings and strengthened the permanent organization.

W. E. Burghardt DuBois.

The Ambush

He sat in the hedge on the field side, thinking. He had lots to think about, and it was a grand, early summer's day. He took his wife's letter from his pocket; it was the last he had had from her.

They were all well at home, they were trying not to fret about him. The boy was growing great and had lots of talk. Did he hear about Crowleys, she asked. She was afraid to put more in the letter about it, but the lads from Kerry would tell him. She thought she'd give up the house and go and live in the town with her mother. Dunne's house was burned, and theirs was searched four times in two weeks. Bride Flaherty was taking this letter to Tralee and maybe he'd get it somehow. He was to keep his head up, and not forget what Bride had told him.

He laid the letter down. In a few minutes he must tear it up. Yes, he remembered what Bride had told him. He looked at his hand—there it was, a great long life line.

"Begor, boy, ye'll never die on the field of battle!"

Bride was a great one for the fortunes. Well, well, he was glad his wife put him in mind of it. Tomorrow they'd be in action, he was making for the place now, he had lots of time so he could sit and think. His home, it rose before his mind. He'd made a good choice of a wife anyway. There were few who had so snug a home. She was great entirely for the flowers, well he remembered the rows of sweet peas, rambler roses. Yes, she was all for them. Flowers weren't the whole thing . . . Lord! how he longed to be back, as he remembered how she fed him. He hadn't eaten food as good since he left home.

Ah well, well, he must turn his thoughts from these things yet a while, from the thought of his fine young son. He'll have the Irish on him from his cradle, please God. He smiled as he thought of himself in years to come telling the boy of the fights they made for freedom, of the life of a man on the run. Ah well, please God, the boy will never have to endure it.

He stood up, stretched himself. This thinking hurt. He'd made up his mind he'd make for Costelloe's for a bit of dinner. The Costelloes were his wife's third cousins. The boys were in the movement and he knew he'd find a welcome there. He carried no equipment, he wore no uniform, to do either meant death on sight—if a lorry chanced to pass. There was a chance of that without either. Sure, wasn't there a price on his head?

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He got the welcome he expected at Costelloe's. They were all cracked about him, and he was able to give them word of their own boys, where he had seen them last and all. They wanted him right or wrong to go into the house, to stay. It meant danger for them so he wouldn't risk it. He'd go up to the "Gloun of Trees," maybe they'd send him up a sup of tea.

He had it soon. Meat and tea more than would do three men, they sent up to him, and young Annie Costelloe who came up with it gave him all the news. She told him much which was exciting, many things it was well to know.

He in turn told her of the fight tomorrow. Her brothers weren't in it, it was all men from his own townsland. She'd better not say a word about it for fear it might get out. He told her where to put some food for the boys tomorrow, and where to be so that if God spared him he could tell her how the fight went. Some of the lads would turn up in any case. He bade her goodby.

"God bless ye going," she said shyly. She handed him a little packet and was gone. He opened it, a Holy Medal!

" 'Twould please the girl to know I wore it." Fixing it on a string he tied it round his neck.

On the way up the long boreen he passed many sentries. The room was dense with smoke as he entered, and the sound of many voices. His entry made a stir, they were all glad to see him, his coming put heart into him. They were all here now. Nearly all the talk was Irish.

"There's a priest comin' to scrape the skillet. Now, Sheamus boy, it may be your last chance!" said the boy who was standing inside the door.

They smoked and laughed.

A tall man entered, dressed in a rough homespun suit, his black hair untidy enough. He stood at the table, his fingers resting on it. The men stood up as he entered. He was the Commandant, a man of few words, but his deeds known to all present.

"Out with your smokes now, boys, and clear the room. Father O'Dowd will be here in ten minutes. Let ye get ready now. He'll take ye in your turn. He'll talk to ye here, a few words when he comes, but let ye be quick, we're safe enough for a start."

The place was settled and tidy when the priest entered. Many a soldier's soul had he settled when he was chaplain out in Flanders, he knew of war and its horrors. He never thought then that after the "War to end War" he'd be asked to do the like of this. His words were few and simple, spoken from his heart to kinsmen of his own. There were tears in his eyes when he finished, a weight on his heart. Well he knew that on the morrow there would be desolate homes in the land he loved, the land those boys were willing to die for.

The morning broke clear and bright, the men alert and ready in their places, trenches had been dug over night, preparations made as if by magic. The pity of it, the pity, thought Sheamus, as he waited at his post. Fighting and killing! Bloodshed! Death! But he knew, as many of them knew, it had to be. This was the only way.

Quickly the lorries came with their roar and rumble, breaking the peace of awakening day. Then the firing—quick, incessant, sharp—rang out. Sheamus fired and hit. He fired again. His blood was cold, it wasn't to his liking.

Suddenly on the far side of the road, on the ledge, stood out boldly against the sky-line a shaggy figure, clad in homespun. He waved his arms to his men to follow. A pause, and then he swayed. Ah, God, he was hit. He fell over the ledge, and bumped and tumbled to the road below. He stopped at last near where the trench was dug. Then a great shout went up.

It was the sight of the bayonet thrust that maddened the men from Kerry. Cool no longer, they crashed down that hill. It was the bloody fight was fought that summer's morning. Soon only men remained who were wounded or dead.

Sheamus crawled back along the road, tired and bleeding. Passion was no longer in his heart. He wiped his forehead with his hand, blood and sweat were on it and dirt. He stumbled and fell. On again, only to stumble once more. Dazed as he was he fell into the gripe on the roadside. He lay for a bit face down. At length he raised his head, he opened his hand and looked. It was there still—a long unbroken life line. He'd live! Great God, he'd live. . . . With a long moan off he swooned.

FLORENCE HACKETT.

Nebuchadnezzar

My body is weary to death of my mischievous brain;
I am weary forever and ever of being brave;
Therefore I crouch on my knees while the cool white rain
Curves the clover over my head like a wave.

The stem and the frosty seed of the grass are ripe;
I have devoured their strength; I have drunk them deep;
And the dandelion is gall in a thin pipe,
But the clover is honey and sun and the smell of sleep.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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The British Empire at the Conference

WHAT may come after, no man knoweth; but as its third week opens the Washington Conference indubitably belongs to the British Empire.

"Belongs," indeed, in several senses. The Empire plays its cards more skilfully than any other member of the Conference, and thereby enhances the likelihood that it will get what it wants. It dominates what may be called (with reservations) the general moral issue, where America is at one extreme and Japan at the other; for the Empire, standing between them, may tip the scale in either direction. In the matter of naval limitation, no reduction has been proposed which would endanger British control of European waters; until that point is reached, America has as much to lose as Great Britain. In the Far East, no matter what degree of renunciation of rights and privileges is agreed upon, the Empire has less to lose than has Japan. If the Anglo-Japanese alliance must go, some sort of understanding to which the United States will be a party will supplant it. Whatever the form of that understanding, it will serve the purpose—to the Empire all-important—of maintaining British prestige in Asia, the Near East, Egypt.

Taking it for granted that limitation of armament on substantially the American plan is an accomplished and relatively unimportant fact (except as a precedent) the real achievement of the Conference will be its decision on the Far Eastern question. Not only during the meeting but at any time thereafter the Empire can thwart the purposes of the conferees. By throwing in its lot wholeheartedly with Japan it could put the United States in a position of moral isolation even more complete than that in which President Wilson found himself in the meetings of the Big Five at Paris. Just as easily—if it dared—the Empire could achieve the moral isolation of Japan.

Do these statements seem to fit together too neatly to be entirely true? Let us look at the points separately and in more detail.

No one who is on the spot can question the efficacy with which the British point of view has been presented to the journalists and through them to the world at large. Before the Conference was forty-eight hours old, the machinery by which British opinion is put forward was in full operation. Lord Riddell, a newspaper proprietor and publicist of wide experience, meets members of the press from all nations each morning and each afternoon. He does so, he carefully explains, on behalf of the newspapermen themselves, not as the representative of Great Britain; but the result is the same. A master of tact, possessed of an excellent sense of humor, a man of engaging personality and a deceptively ingenuous air, he is the perfect choice for his task. In fact, if he did not exist it would have been necessary to invent him. Seeming never quite aware of what he is about, he puts out "feelers," he "corrects impressions," makes a note of too difficult questions and looks them up to be answered next time. "Oh, what a dear delightful man Lord Riddell is!" say the correspondents, as they convey his ideas to the ends of the earth, and spread them before untold millions of readers. And even this is not all. Once a day a member of the British delegation also sees the pressmen and submits to a broadside of questions.

Three conferences a day—eighteen a week, for spreading the Empire's gospel. What does the United States do in the same matter?

Whenever the United States has anything to say, Mr. Hughes utters it. The regular schedule of daily conferences with newspapermen which was his custom as Secretary of State has been suspended, and he submits to the inquisition once or twice a week when he deems it advisable. But Mr. Hughes is chairman of the Conference and chief spokesman in it for the leading power. His position is important and he cannot forget that fact. His bouts with the newspapermen consist mostly of breaking out of clinches. Rarely does he feel he can afford to hit from the shoulder.

None of the other delegations does any better than America. One of the Japanese emissaries meets newspapermen each day and successfully conceals whatever information he possesses. China, which to the cynical seems to occupy the important and central position at the Conference of the ox at a barbecue, issues propaganda in great quantity, but has little news to offer. The other powers are bystanders, so far as the Far Eastern question is concerned.

That Great Britain has worked so successfully in gaining the ear of the public is, of course, no happy accident. She came into the Conference fully aware that its developments might be critical for her, and conscious of the value of public opinion in getting her out of a bad corner.

As everyone knows, the 50,000,000 persons who inhabit the British Isles live, for the most part, on food imported to them by sea. In exchange for that food, they manufacture goods for export. If the markets abroad were cut off, twenty millions or so must emigrate or die. The ur-

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gent necessity for maintaining these markets and sources for foodstuffs, was the dominant reason for the creation of the British Empire during the past century and a half.

That Empire is beginning to break up. At the Imperial Conference last summer in London, Mr. Lloyd George cheerfully admitted that Canada, Australia and New Zealand were represented there as equal states in a confederation. Their old "dominion status" is gone forever. Ireland, too, is on the verge of emerging victorious from the too-close clasp of the "mother-country." And there is serious trouble afoot in Egypt and India. Even as I write, the Prince of Wales moves through the latter country accompanied by riots specially arranged in his honor. A revolution is not necessarily impending, but some sort of readjustment of status is inevitable and was frankly recognized in the creation of the Montagu plan for India, as in the sending of Milner to Egypt.

The Imperial delegates came to the Washington Conference somewhat preoccupied by these matters, their ears attuned for the rumbling of distant storms. They had also difficulties nearer home.

The distinction between "the British Empire" and "England" is often over-emphasized; yet something may be said for it. The British Foreign Office often pursues a policy which seems oddly at variance with the traditional fair-play spirit, even the laissez-faire spirit, of the Englishman. English liberalism holds views with which American liberalism is in strikingly complete accord—views which are often miles away from Imperial policy. And what is true of the middle-class liberals is far more true of the British labor party. The British delegation must keep in mind the attitude of these sections of English public opinion as completely as the American delegates must keep in mind the ideas of the Senate.

With the Empire in this situation, the question of limitation of armament assumed an exaggerated importance in the eyes of the Foreign Office. At any cost, Great Britain must remain mistress of the seas to the degree necessary to keep her lines of communication with the Far East open. The Anglo-Japanese alliance was primarily valuable because it helped to maintain Imperial prestige on the continent of Asia; but almost equally important was the fact that through the alliance Japanese warships became, so to speak, a part of the British navy; the Empire was spared the necessity of policing the Pacific. Since England is already living up to the very limit of her resources, the burden of additional armament thus avoided has been—and particularly of late years—an important item.

It is easy to imagine, with all these manifold problems on their shoulders, the relief with which the British delegation learned that the Hughes plan left their country mistress of the seas provided it maintained a friendly relationship with the United States.

Someone remarked that Mr. Balfour made rather a poor fist of his reply to Mr. Hughes, accepting the American plan, and suggested the historic scene if Jan Smuts had been the spokesman. It is quite possible that Mr. Balfour's rather diffident and casual acceptance was just what Great Britain wanted, to prevent the world's seeing how relieved and delighted she was. . . .

The Anglo-Japanese alliance has been an almost indispensable factor in Imperial development in Asia, during the past nineteen years. The common view is that it has outlived its usefulness, and that Great Britain can view its end with complacence. It is hard to see how this is true, in view of the conditions in India; and this idea is corroborated by the British spokesmen now in Washington, who did not let many days pass before intimating that Great Britain could not afford to relinquish the alliance unless offered in its place something which would give the same degree of security. In the final test, Great Britain would probably cast in her lot with America as against Japan, but it would be a genuine misfortune for her and the world if such a decision had to be made.

What American diplomacy is in all likelihood seeking in the Conference is a formula in the Far East which is just as drastic as Japan can be induced to accept—but not more so. Even the continuance of some degree of unjust exploitation in China is looked upon as less to be deplored than a break with Japan. Great Britain has probably discovered that this is true, and there is another reason for saying that in its opening phases at least, the Conference "belongs" to her. What can be given to Great Britain which will be "just as good" as the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and at the same time acceptable to the Senate and the people of the United States?

Twice within the past fortnight President Harding has indicated the line of procedure he will follow as soon as he is assured of the Conference's success. Other nations, including Germany, will be invited to participate; the powers will be asked to reassemble annually to settle such questions as may arise from time to time; eventually a new "Association of Nations" will be born. As to what becomes of the existing League—the President will cross that bridge when he comes to it.

Mr. Harding's plan is an expansion of an idea which has already been suggested in these pages:

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namely, that a concert of the powers to regulate Far Eastern questions would be desirable provided China were a member of it on an equal footing, and provided further that it were not too rigid in form. The powers can hardly come together annually unless it be to examine the operation of mutually agreed policies; such policies must exist either in the form of treaties, or as "gentlemen's agreements." A regional concert in successful operation would be a valuable intermediate step toward an association of nations—indeed, an almost indispensable one.

Will the Senate and the American people endorse either regional understanding or new world-league? Specifically, will not the present commitments of the British Empire cause rejection of the Far Eastern arrangement even though it is expressed in a mere understanding not a treaty?

No one can be cocksure about such a matter after our experience of 1919-20; but there are several things to be said on the other side. The first is that without some such working arrangement of the powers, the Washington Conference will have failed on its major issue—the Far Eastern question; and will have endangered the permanence of its program on naval limitation. Second, the British Empire is in a state of flux; but it will certainly have come to its new basis—in India and elsewhere—within the next decade. During that time America's interest in the concert of powers would be mainly concentrated on working out the Asiatic decisions of the Conference.

America has nothing to fear from such a rapprochement with the British Empire if it be created on our own terms. And the Empire will accept those terms if Mr. Hughes and his colleagues possess the vision and the courage to take advantage of their opportunity.

Washington. BRUCE BLIVEN.

Dawn at the Rain's Edge

The drowsy, friendly, comfortable creak
Of axles arguing and wet spokes gleaming,
When old empty tumbrels blunder dreaming, too sleepy to speak,
Blunder down the road in the rain dreaming.

And the house-lights rub at the shining dripping shadows
Over the windows; through the drenched silver willows; everywhere:
In the sulphurous fluctuant marsh this side the steaming meadows
Where black weeds trouble the moon's drowned hair.

There is a sudden fuss of draggled feathers and the swing
Of winds in a hissing burst of raindrops; then a cry
Of colour at the hill's rim; a strange bright glimmering;
And a lark talking madness in some corner of the sky.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE

More Concerning Railway Wages

SIR: In the attempt to discredit my conclusion that train service employees are underpaid, Mr. Herbert Feis makes two assumptions that are out of line with justice.

In the first place, he chooses to approach the subject from the point of view of hourly rates rather than from that of average annual compensation. This method is satisfactory in dealing with the average worker, but not with men in train service. A worker in a machine shop, as long as he works at all, is employed on every working day. He does not report for duty only to be told to return the next day. Yet road freight service is conducted in a manner analogous to that. If business slackens, there is a decrease in the miles worked per man, which hourly rates does not show.

Mr. Feis does not base his argument on wage rates, for all his championship of them. Instead he uses average hourly earnings which is something vastly different. In them are included all overtime and penalty payments which are higher when the carrying capacity of the railways is overtaxed.

If we grant Mr. Feis's argument that the wage rate and not the average earning over a period of time is the just measure of the employees' well-being, an examination of these rates will substantiate the contention that the employees are underpaid, as compared with the seventy-three percent increase in the cost of living. This table shows that yard firemen are the only train service employees not now suffering from a decline in real wages since 1914.

	Average Daily Rate Dec. 1917*	Present Daily Rate	Percentage of Increase
Yard Enginemen	$4.27	$6.51	52
Yard Firemen	2.66	5.03	89
Yard Conductors	3.77	6.32	67
Yard Brakemen	3.42	5.84	70
Road Freight Enginemen—Through	5.18	7.05	36
Road Freight Firemen—Through	3.38	5.25	55
Road Freight Conductors—Through	4.08	5.80	42
Road Freight Brakemen—Through	2.75	4.48	63
Road Passenger Enginemen	4.39	6.00	37
Road Passenger Firemen	2.68	4.50	68
Road Passenger Conductors	4.45	6.40	44
Road Passenger Brakemen	2.59	4.40	70

I must take issue with Mr. Feis on his use of the fourth quarter in 1920 as a basis for computing wages. This quarter he characterizes as "certainly not one of unusual activity." Here I must raise a question of fact. The fourth quarter of 1920 was the peak period of railroad business in this country. In at least four weeks of that period revenue car loading exceeded 1,000,000. Such excessive business naturally resulted in congestion, and overtime and penalty payments increased the earnings of train service employees accordingly.

In my wage study I endeavored to choose a period when conditions as to overtime were essentially the same as at present. The second quarter of the present year was, consequently, the only logical choice. K. T. G.

"Increase and Multiply"

SIR: Archbishop Hayes referred the other day to the biblical command to increase and multiply, as an argument against birth control. In order to make sure that the reverend father was quoting his Creator correctly, I looked up this advice. It seems to me that the circumstances in which it was uttered gave it a quite special meaning. It was just after the flood. There was nobody left alive but Noah and his family. So God said to Noah, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. (Genesis, IX, I.)

He didn't say what to do after the earth was replenished. He may have thought that Noah or his descendants would know enough then to slow up.

He never urged any populous nation to be fruitful and multiply.

The Archbishop is entitled to his own opinions, but he shouldn't confuse them with God's. CLARENCE DAY, JR.

New York City.

*These rates had been in effect for several years and may safely be assumed as the rates for 1914, from which year as a base the present cost of living was computed as 173.

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After the Play

NO play of Susan Glaspell's can be passed over quite so snippily as most of the reviewers have done with The Verge; for Miss Glaspell is one of the few people we have in our theatre who are watching the surface of life to find new contents and material.

The Verge turns around the life of a woman who is conceived by the author as having a certain clarity of vision beyond the common; a Nietzschean woman, though not a conscious disciple; a mystic and a revolutionary; who because of all this is isolated from the people around her; tries to break from them and from herself. Meanwhile because she is so far from them perhaps, she attracts the men about her; she is something connected with their dreams, and their short flights from the daily actual. With her gift for science this woman feeds her violent absorption in herself and in her chances to break through to some other form of life. She is not the practical scientist working with experiments for solid results; nor is she the purely scientific investigator, for she makes discoveries partly by intuition, as Goethe did or Leonardo or Strindberg. She makes no separations in the universe and so looks through her observations of nature to the one life that runs through all things; and she lives in the conviction that what is true in nature may be true in human beings also. And so working on the de Vries. theory of the development of species, she sees that plants break up, explode, and from this mutation when there is the right combination of individuals and environment, a new species may appear which will be isolated from the rest and carry life with it from the life it left. And so the dream possesses her that perhaps she can be this individual in the midst of her own species, may suffer isolation and be split away into a new life, having exploded her species as the plants do theirs because something in them knows that they have gone as far as they can go. All of which, obviously, is hard to state in words or character; but it bears on the newer psychology and is worth while trying, unless the theatre plans to go on dodging the modern ego.

If you listen closely to the lines you can hear all this. But if you give your attention to the acting of The Verge at the Provincetown Theatre you will meet with confusion. The Provincetown idea at the outset was to stick to amateurs in presenting plays; to approach something perhaps more in the nature of readings. It is a thousand pities they ever departed from this. Mr. Reese as the husband was so ingenuously unprofessional that he left you quite free to hear the lines whose meaning he could not act. Miss Glaspell's fine conception of Claire's gardener, a plant himself, following mutely her will, was not much hurt by Mr. Hallet's getting between it and us; and that daughter, bolstered with exactly the cant and pietistic humanitarianism and glib platitude that goes in young ladies' colleges just now, came out well enough with Miss Berry in it. Miss Wycherly did more than anyone else to throw the play off.

To begin with, the production works overtime in that first act; the place rattles too much with the wind, the clouds in the sky overwork, the actors do too much, the comedy comes out perplexing; and Miss Wycherly is all these things together. In the play there is an ominous comedy around something that is isolated, apart, that is driven to eccentricity, but that burns and glows and fascinates by its intensity of living. The part of the woman there should be seen with a certain single, pristine unity; the power and charm of her must come from the fixedness of her soul and the intangible poetry of her outline. The rôle should be played quietly, transparently, continuously; flashes of wit and shy defence and hot feeling but all flowing continuous and deep within. The movement should appear always from the spirit, the focus of the body following slowly after, almost absent in this infinite absorption. Miss Wycherly plays what the actor will play, his art; he feels that he must do something. She fidgets her arms neurotically; she is a conscious oddity; she has force but it is an erratic force. She gets all the afflictions but none of the point. And she is even coquettish, and swings her knees, and Forest of Ardens around like a British Rosalind, as if in fact we were going to have a comedy. I could not help remembering Miss Blair on the same stage last year in that first act of Diff'rent, that stiff little body stuffed into its awkward dress, the heavy, plain hair, the arms awkward and solemn, standing there repeating the same awkward little phrases over and over again, as she herself was repeated over and over again in the stiff lines of her little figure; how pathetic it was, and tense, and withdrawn! But yet, if we believe in good intentions—which really mean nothing in art—all I have said about Miss Wycherly must be untrue. You can see that she is sincerely trying after the part, is a serious artist, profoundly striving. Very well then, let's say she works too hard at it. She forgets what Aeschylus knew, who said that all that gods work is effortless and calm. Her efforts drive out the gods that are visiting this woman and leave only problems and oddities and confusion.

The most completely done thing about The Verge is the love scene. In it there is a mixture of matter that is fresh on our stage, is at the same time scientific, vivid, intimate, and searching; and through all these is exciting. And what's more, this immediacy and truth and freshness make an excitement that is the same as that which good poetry has always achieved with its method and imagery. Miss Wycherly does fine work here, when she lies on the sofa in that amazing tower and says so quietly and beautifully the words that are struggling to find themselves. She knows how to do that. But once she got on her feet, she insisted and debated too much and was jerkier than ever. And these neurotic gestures were unfortunately heightened by the gleaming mass of sequins or beads or whatever it was that spread over her gown at the knees and extravagantly echoed the body and elbows.

As to the play itself its chief trouble is a lack of sufficient articulation, accentuation. And there are also too many words and phrases that run toward cant, too much about otherness, farness and so on, which could be cut down for good taste, and so assure us that the author confined them to the character and the moment and knew their doubtful nature. But the main idea of The Verge provokes the imagination and sense of wonder, and supplies that reminder of the strange and unguessed in life that is the source of all art. Such a play is an experiment, and nobody can expect it to spring full blown and perfect from the author's forehead. Art forever dilates its being with new matter, new life. And this in time finds its right form; since soul is form and doth the body make, as Spenser says. Prattling about new forms in the theatre and then fighting any attempt at new material is a poor game. We shall never have new form without having first the new matter, of which the soul becomes at length the form.

STARK YOUNG.

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Workers in Metal

Brass, by Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $2.00.

Gold Shod, by Newton Fuessle. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

IT is some three years since Mr. Norris in Salt and Mr. Fuessle in The Flail declared themselves novelists of promise. Both these novels were frankly experimental. If Brass and Gold Shod do not decisively mark fulfillment of the promise of their predecessors they at least carry on the experiment. The work of both writers is still chiefly interesting as showing their material and their conception of the form which they seek to impose on it.

Both books are thoroughly American in substance, and develop the two chief interests of American fiction today, business and sex. Both are biographies of the heroes. Brass follows the fortunes of Philip Baldwin in California through business adventures beginning with a clerkship at fifty dollars a month, rising to a peak of affluence in real estate speculation, and descending to a competence in insurance commissions—and through four love affairs, two of which become marriages. Gold Shod takes Fielding Glinden from a similar clerkship in Chicago to the control of an automobile company, the presidency of a New York bank, and an industrial dictatorship in the war—and through loves too numerous to recount. It is the Californian novelist who is economical of material which the Middle Westerner throws about with the lavishness of a young Aladdin.

In method the books are similarly opposed, but with their positions reversed. Technically Brass is a novel in the fullest sense of the word. First the landscape is drawn in minute detail; then the persons are presented in physical and mental character. Scenes follow, carefully dramatized in speech and action. The appeal to reality is conscientiously made, and occasionally there is a stark bit of naturalistic detail, which Mr. Norris exhibits with self-conscious pride. Such is the reference to the second Mrs. Baldwin's feet. "When she got into bed at night she immediately placed her cold feet against Philip's legs. There was something peculiarly repellent to him about his wife's feet. They were unusually long and flat, and the toes spread out like the end of a half-furled fan; there was no arch to the instep and they looked unhealthy, tallow-hued, dead." There is real feeling in Philip's reaction toward these horrors. "The touch of them invariably sent a mild shudder through him; his flesh rebelled from the contact." And his cowardice is a characteristic. "He could never quite bring himself to the point of telling her he found it distasteful." Mr. Norris has a thesis also, emphasized by a quotation from Browning repeated at the beginning of each book, and developed at length by a clergyman who talks like George Eliot. In fact, the whole bag of tricks which constituted the technique of the novel up to the twentieth century is emptied in a serious, methodical fashion. Even the style, when Mr. Norris is not alert, shows a tendency to fall into familiar literary grooves: "Mary was cultured, refined, broad in sympathies, and had a wonderful mind"; or, with a further slip into the colloquial: "The scent was particularly hers, faint, elusive, provocative; he had never smelled it any place else or upon any other woman."

In contrast to this richness of technique, Mr. Fuessle has trained his novel down to the merest narrative. His book is less than a third the length of Mr. Norris's, and it moves at least three times as fast. There are no sustained descriptions of places, the impression being conveyed by a few dashing strokes. We are sure that Mr. Fuessle has been over the ground, however, even into the office of the secretary of the president, where he has seen with his well trained eyes "the pile of twenty or more newly sharpened pencils," the silver water-pitcher, the sanitary drinking cups, "the cheap waste-basket and a white porcelain cuspidor." Likewise there are only impressions of the women whom Fielding so numerously loved. Over Olah "his eyes roved from her white hands to her flaming lips, and lingered on the curving line of her flawless neck and cheek. His glance came to a stop at her eyes, dark with the smokes of melancholy, but warm with great expectation from life. Her tilted hat of black velvet flamed with a slanting narrow band of scarlet." The narrative swings back and forth between exposition and conversation, but seldom is a scene set for dramatic action. There is none of the labored realism of Mr. Norris, except perhaps in the account of the processes of business reorganizations and stock deals. There is no dwelling on emotion. Fielding reduces his anger at his wife's discovery of his infidelity, to "remorse that I have exposed a very fine woman to your smutty remarks"; and his wife registers hers with a succinct "Go wallow with your mistress, and damn you." We are told that Olah "set buried bells in him to ringing," but we do not hear them.

Mr. Fuessle has a theme if not a thesis, set forth in the ancestral chapters which form a sort of prologue to the book. Fielding's grandfather had sacrificed a musical ambition to a secure niche in the world, by marrying the daughter of a physician and inheriting the practice. He found a little compensation on the side in women. The grandson inherited the susceptibility toward girls, and a vague, unrelated creative desire that "failing to find a channel merely left him limp." Under pressure from his mother and later from his wife he sacrificed it to business, finding his satisfaction in drawing about him artists who could do for him what he could not do for himself. It is not a tragic theme for we have no belief in Fielding's creative power, and no regret that it was sacrificed, but it is for Mr. Fuessle a significant one. Fielding is American in his mentality and energy, in his vast material prosperity, in his numerical greatness whether measured in dollars or women, in his artistic parasitism. His story is told in a rapid staccato style, harsh as the American voice, brusque as American manners, violent as the movement of American life which it typifies. In fact one comes to feel that Gold Shod is America, and Fielding Glinden its soul.

These two novels, employing the same material, diverging so sharply in method, differing so radically in scope and meaning, may be brought together in a final appraisement. Both seem to represent a lack of adaptation of means to end. Mr. Norris's objective is a limited one; he has used a variety of device to achieve it that indicates scholarship rather than inspiration. His old-fashioned virtuosity tends to outrun the significance of his story. The theme is lost in the formulas of fiction. He has not enough to say to be so elaborate and ponderous in saying it. Mr. Fuessle, on the other hand, if we take him seriously, is dealing with far greater issues of human life and profounder subtleties of human nature. To dismiss them with such a limited, external record, with such a meagre,

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summary statement, with such nonchalance and detachment, leaves too much to the reader's intuition. Artistically the attempt is a bold one. Mr. Fuessle evidently writes on the theory that his form should be itself a part of his symbol; that his style should incarnate his theme. His division of his novel into three books, each of which bears a part in the orchestration of the theme, Book I The Strings, Book II The Brass, Book III The Woodwind, suggests a reliance on the analogy of music which before this has proved misleading to workers in prose. But after all, literature is an intellectual art; its appeal is to the understanding. We understand Glinden well enough, it is true, within the limited range of his mechanized existence and physical success; but beyond this, into the realm of his imagination and his desires we follow him only by vague and uncertain traces. And surely it was worth while to pluck out the heart of his mystery or Mr. Fuessle would not have tried to do so.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Impotence of Christian Socialism

Christian Socialism, by C. E. Raven. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.50.

MR. RAVEN has written a very interesting book on an unduly neglected episode in the history of English socialism. It is not often that an established church is won to the passionate consideration of social questions. By its very dependence upon the state it inevitably tends to a somewhat thoughtless support of the existing order. If, as with Wilberforce, it is evangelical, it lays so deep an emphasis upon personal salvation as to ignore the economic milieu which makes the thought of salvation remotely possible. If, as with the Oxford Tractarians, the church is catholic, it becomes so wrapped up in the nicer points of liturgy and doctrine, as to be unaware of the social problems upon which the attention of its founder was so largely concentrated. Certainly this is the tradition of the Church of England. It has produced great scholars like Westcott and Creighton, great preachers like Liddon, and personalities with the undying charm of enigma like Newman. But within its fold the economic penumbra of religious principle has largely escaped attention. One cannot expect, perhaps, the same social doubt from a bishop in his palace as from a workman in his factory; neither the tools nor the experience are the same. But it was an interesting aspect of the revolutionary epoch of 1848 that it should have induced a group of churchmen to turn from the passionate debates which Newman had instigated to the problem of the practical import of Christianity. They were, indeed, but an eddy in a larger stream; and they did not meet with approval from those about them. But at least they show that nineteeth century England contained some score of professing Christians.

The Christian Socialist Movement was not the work of extraordinary men. It gave rise to no new theories and it produced no writer of first-rate eminence. Indeed, there is a sense in which it is fair to claim that it was less a movement of principle than the expression of a deep sense of injustice against the wage-slavery of the time. Maurice, Kingsley and the rest were noble men in the sense that they could not see unmoved the profound misery about them. Their Christianity went, as it rarely goes, into the economic sphere; and they saw, and taught, that a system in which the few were the masters of the lives of the many, was contrary to the precepts of their faith. As a result they were led, largely from French example, to set up a large number of self-governing workshops and to initiate some educational experiments. All of them, in the immediate sense, failed. The Christian Socialists lacked the capital, and their workingmen followers the discipline, which made possible effective competition with business enterprise. And what they did not see was at least as significant as their insights. Despite some connection with the skilled unions, it is broadly true to say that they never appreciated the significance of trade-unionism. Ludlow, indeed, and Vansittart Neale, came afterwards to see its import; but that realization was no part of their original vision. Nor had they the economic knowledge which could produce a sound defence of their position. Even Ludlow, by far their ablest exponent, had, outside a lawyer's knowledge of business organization, little more than eager faith to guide his experiments. Maurice was a muddle-headed mystic. Kingsley was always vigorous, but logical analysis was hardly his strongest point. He gave the movement its finest literary expression in Alton Locke; but Alton Locke is not more convincing than Disraeli's Sybil, which points to a very different conclusion. It was admirable to insist on the principles of liberty and righteousness; but they will never compensate for an ignorance of the principles of social and industrial organization. Nor had they thought out a theory of the state. Here Mr. Raven's claim that they are the true precursors of guild socialism is frankly nonsense; for all the Christian Socialist saw was the need for personal freedom and initiative in the workshop without at any point investigating the process of production as a whole in its relation to the state. Mr. Raven argues that they worked finely within the limits of their material; it is not a very helpful magnification of their effort, for anyone who looks at the material could hardly fail to see the entire futility of so vast a scheme with methods so little likely to realize it.

The truth is that Mr. Raven, as a good churchman, is so enraptured by the discovery of a group of fellow-believers who perceived the iniquity of the industrial system, that he is prepared at all costs to prove that they were in the right. His book is a very useful book; for we needed to know in detail what is, after all, the story of a great and heroic adventure. But when that has been said, the utmost has been put forward on its behalf, and the rest of Mr. Raven's narrative has a curiously distorted perspective.

Frederic Denison Maurice was a noble man and his followers worshipped him; but an objective minded historian will hardly see in his works the inspired philosophy that Mr. Raven has discovered. Ludlow was a generous and untiring worker and a competent administrator of the Friendly Societies' act; but he did not perform for labor the services, to take an obvious modern example, that Mr. and Mrs. Webb have performed. Indeed the simple test of Mr. Raven's perspective is this, that while every labor movement from Spence and Paine to Fabianism has markedly influenced the principles of trade-union policy, Christian Socialism remained entirely still-born. What was needed first was the suffrage as the preamble to the legalization of unionism; when that was secured the next step was to obtain within the ranks of labor a decisive majority of the workers. Steps such as the Christian Socialists attempted were worthless until labor had the necessary administrative talent at its service. A moral per-

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ception is not very helpful unless it fits the economic facts with which it proposes to deal.

Yet Mr. Raven is entirely right when he argues that the central thesis of Christian socialism is the only view open to a Christian. That is not likely to make Christians socialists, but it is the only logical attitude. For if we assume that the Sermon on the Mount is the Christian way of life the wages-system is obviously its negation. What Mr. Raven does not see is that so long as the Christian spirit is arrayed in a vast armor of ecclesiastical dogma and based upon solid possessions, it will inevitably be betrayed.

As St. Francis so clearly saw, to preach such a way of life, poverty is inevitable. And Christians were not prepared to be poor. They were eager to gain their souls, as every word of Wilberforce makes clear; but they were not anxious to lose the whole world for that purpose. What it was much easier to do was to insist that this earthly life was meaningless and to bid the poor and the weary look for their reward hereafter. That was the keynote of Christianity from St. Paul onwards. It became without difficulty an acceptance of the status quo. So, if the great movements of emancipation are taken, it will be found that the Church has always been hostile to them. It was so in 1381; it was so with the tragic rising of the peasants under the influence, at least in part, of Luther's teaching, it was so in the social miseries which succeeded the French Revolution. The Church will always make a magnificent display of noble principle; only in 1918 the Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury drew up a ringing manifesto. But the Church does not go beyond such declarations; it does not fight on their behalf. The working class knows as well as anyone the cheapness of sympathy and measures the Church by its performance.

There is, in fact, only one way open to the Church if it is to be true to its professions. It must fight the enemy as ceaselessly and as remorselessly as it is fought by the trade unions; and its weapons must be more than manifestoes. Christ drove the money-changers from the Temple; his modern successor accepts a donation instead. There are evils enough in all conscience, and they are worth fighting. Housing, wages, education, hours of labor, in all these there are abominations to be destroyed. Do the Churches ostracize those of their supporters who practise them? Do they declare their faith in the market-place? Do they stand by the weary and the oppressed as John Bull stood by them in their agony? That this was their vital function the Christian Socialists at least perceived and they proclaimed it. But the Church as a whole dwelt in the high places; and it preferred to cry out against Newman rather than cry out against Manchester. Seventy years have passed since Maurice and his fellows issued their call to arms. Now, as then, the Church stands before a crisis in industrial history. It will be of deep interest to the detached observer to watch what she has learned or failed to learn, in the ensuing time. HAROLD J. LASKI.

Mr. Punch's History

Mr. Punch's History of Modern England, by Charles L. Graves. Vols. I and II; illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $10.

MR. PUNCH'S History of Modern England is one of those honorable compilations which brings together a scattered mass of material no discursive reader would attempt to gather for himself. In the first two volumes of the four that are to be published Mr. Graves covers the period from 1841-1857, and from 1857-1874. Carrying his excursions into Punch through the heart of the Victorian period, the editor projects a panorama of social history which one can scarcely help looking upon as a serious contribution to the documentation of the age. At the same time, this series of lively pictures can be viewed in sections, on its own merits, for the simple fun of it. Here is history in its most ingratiating form: the muse does not strut or saw the air overmuch, but it contrives to hold the mirror up to nature and show the very age and body of the time his form. What one sees in Mr. Punch's mirror is, it is true, a comic distortion; the important thing, however, is that the Victorian Age as a whole is reflected, and one has only to make allowance for the obliquities of succeeding contributors from Thackeray and Jerrold to Leach and Du Maurier to get a true picture of the scene.

At the beginning, we find Punch a radical magazine—a precursor of Good Morning—moved to irony and invective and even plain expostulation by the social abuses which Dickens and Kingsley were bringing to popular attention. The original impulse behind Punch came from men like Mayhew, the investigator of London Labor and the London Poor, and Douglas Jerrold, an associate of the Chartists; and up to the Crimean War the pages of the paper seem never to have lacked stinging efforts to awaken the country to the hardships and hopelessness of the industrial worker's lot. The Song of the Shirt was originally published in Punch, and it strikes that note of underlying gravity which breaks into the jibes at snobbery, flunkeyism, high-churchism, and the social fads of the moment. If the Englishman takes his pleasures seriously, he treats his abuses frivolously; and in his best vein Mr. Punch seems usually to be jesting about serious matters.

The Crimean War marks a turning point. In the second volume of Mr. Grave's chronicle, the star of pacifist liberals like Mr. Richard Cobden is on the wane; and Punch is quick to register the change—the new trend toward imperialism. A number of separate events occurred during a brief twenty years which now seem curiously to link together; among these one notes the Indian Mutiny of 1857, the transformation of the East India Company into the India Office, the Chinese War, and the purchase of the Suez Canal. In short, the battlefield of imperialism was being laid out, and the Crystal Palace which was established in 1851 to usher in the era of Universal Peace —"Peace, retrenchment, and reform"—slowly underwent that metamorphosis which turned it into the Imperial War Museum of 1921. Like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, one detects in the records of Punch a good many incidents which apparently have nothing to do with the case; yet when one brings them together it looks for all the world as if they formed a distinct pattern.

Is it an accident that from this period onward Punch becomes more conservative, and devotes greater attention to the foibles of Society with a big S, than to the miseries of society with a little S? Mr. Graves himself is not unaware of the change; and while he attributes it in some degree to the death of Douglas Jerrold in 1857, he ascribes it "partly to the fact that newspapers follow the rule of individuals and tend to grow more moderate as they grow older." In other words, when we have enough energy to cope with our situation we strive to set the crooked straight; when we become enfeebled by age and hard knocks we shift from our earlier position and proclaim with the Worldly Wisemen that the crooked *is* straight.

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Mr. Punch's rise and decline so closely follows the life-history of Tired Radicals everywhere that one is almost inclined to accept Mr. Grave's rationalization.

But let us not exaggerate the change from the liberalism of the first half of the century to the imperialism that succeeded it. From first to last Punch is no more consistent than a plum pudding; and on the same subject—let us take the working class—he is by turns sweet, sour, bitter, gingery, and alcoholic. At one turn he satirizes the miner, who, in some passing prosperity of the 'seventies, is represented as demanding a pineapple at eight shillings which "my lady" cannot afford, and then telling the shopkeeper to keep the change and advise him how to "cook 'un." On the other hand, he prints the following:

> Suffolk Farmer: "Two shill'ns a week more? Never! That'll never do. Out of the question!
> Suffolk Ploughman: "You're right there, Mas'r Wuzzles, sart'n sure. It 'on't dew. Our Sal sahy there'll be eight shillin' and threepence for bread, three and sixpence for rent and coal, an dhalf a crown for club, clothes, boots, and shoes for the owd 'oman, five kids, and me. No, that 'on't dew—that 'on't, b'um by. But it'll be enow to begin with."

In truth, Punch is a grotesque David, standing between the Philistines and the Chosen People and slinging stones indiscriminately over the field. Sometimes Punch hits a legitimate mark.

It would be hard to enumerate the various contributions of this admirable history. Primarily, perhaps, it stands forth as an illustrated characterization of the English people, especially that section of the population which groups around London. To know the life of that England as one knows the life of one's own time, not simply as a series of dates and events, one must follow through the chronicles of Mr. Punch. From this angle Mr. Punch's History is a sourcebook of first rank. The second great interest of this history, it seems to me, is the clear evidence it gives of things that have been germinating slowly in the womb of society and are not really recognized by the historian as independent entities until they are born. Is it not a little surprising to note in the 'forties a movement among the Metropolitan Assistant Drapers to start a model establishment of their own, in which the assistants shall be their own masters? Agitations like this are like whitecaps on a distant sea which seem to heave into the air and vanish; but they show that the wind is blowing, and to no little degree they explain the strength of the wave when it finally breaks on the shore. Again, there is a satiric sketch in the 'fifties on the Fast Young Lady. This is a tonic even to those who know the Victorian woman through Meredith; for the Fast Young Lady of yesterday is plainly the social "sport" out of which the modern young lady has developed.

Perhaps I have labored the value of Mr. Punch's History as history, and have neglected the tribute that is due to it as Punch. It is enough here to say that the spirit of Punch, the spirit of English humor—dull and whimsical and comic at times in the higher vein of absurdity that Lear and Carroll excelled in—has remained remarkably true to the original grain through all its ephemeral transformations. We might call this the Comic History of Modern England, to parallel the Comic Blackstone, were it not for the fact that a great deal of the fun, since this is real history, compels one to laugh on the other side of the face. LEWIS MUMFORD.

Selected Current Books

The Prophetic Ministry for Today, by Bishop Williams. Macmillan. $1.50.

Bishop Williams presents his Lyman Beecher Yale lectures for 1920 in which he defines his idea of the mission of the modern minister.

America and the Young Intellectual, by Harold Stearns. Doran. $1.50.

A collection of articles hovering around the topic of the young intellectual.

The New Labour Outlook, by Robert Williams. Seltzer. $1.75.

Mr. Williams believes that we are passing through a revolution and he seeks to show how the outlook of labor has changed. He is secretary of the Transport Workers' Federation of England.

Mother, by Maxim Gorky. Appleton. $2.00.

An old book of Maxim Gorky's reprinted with an Introduction by Charles Edward Russell. The fact that it is a reprint is not made clear.

I Have Only Myself to Blame, by Princess A. Bibesco. Doran. $2.00.

A collection of short stories by Elizabeth Asquith, Princess Bibesco.

While I Remember, by Stephen McKenna. Doran. $3.50.

At the age of thirty-three, the author of Sonia writes his reminiscences.

Boy Scouts' Life of Lincoln, by Ida M. Tarbell. Macmillan. $2.00.

Miss Tarbell compresses her life of Lincoln into less than 250 pages.

Story of Mankind, by Hendrik Van Loon. Boni and Liveright. $5.00.

A one volume survey by a brilliant humanist, illustrated by himself.

The Mind in the Making, by James Harvey Robinson. Harpers. $2.50.

Mr. Robinson examines the mind as an instrument and sketches man's improving use of it.

Splinters, by Keith Preston. Doran. $1.50.

One of the wittiest of American journalists collects his best vers de publicité.

The Dreamers, by Knut Hamsun. Knopf. $1.75

A translation of one of Hamsun's shorter stories.

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